THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

THE POSSIBLE AMERICAN DRAMA. MR. HOWELLS' ALTITUDE OF SAPIENCY. HOPELESS CONFUSION OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM. BARKING INTO MR. HOWELLS' VACUUM. THE PISTOL INCIDENT IN THE BURGLAR. A PHOTOGRAPHIC GAP BETWEEN FACTS AND TRUTH.

The discussion about the possible American drama which Mr. Howells' very foolish article in *Harper's Magazine* has started, has served to show how very little is known about the principles of dramatic art even by writers who are engaged as experts to review the drama.

Some of the opinions that have followed Mr. Howells' fatuous statement that the coming American drama will emancipate itself from plot, have almost reached Mr. Howells' altitude of sapiency.

I think that if you take all the current literature of our time and estimate the worthlessness of opinions ventilated by cranks, doctrinaires, apprentices, ballet girls, religious scientists, Union Square Buddhists, ward politicians and country correspondents, you will find that there is more consummate drivel to the square inch, emitted on the subject of the drama than on any other conceivable topic of human interest.

I do not refer especially to the old rope that is bought by the *Herald* at so much a yard from clog dancers and retired figurantes, nor to the bilge water purchased by other journals by the pailful from the Ann Street coterie of Bohemians. I confine myself to the writers who set up as specialists and use the words Realism and Romanticism and Life with capital letters.

Here, for example, is a trained dramatic writer in last Sunday's *Times*, a careful, intelligent critic barking into Mr. Howells' vacuum, and mistaking Harper's Neufchatel cheese for the moon.

I am going to quote what this discriminating and ordinarily sagacious writer says, so that you can see, when your attention is properly called to it, what a hopeless condition of confusion dramatic criticism has got into.

It reminds me of the perversity of those recent religionists who yearn for extinction and absorption, or those sociologists who see no hope for the race but in anarchy.

Either the principles, the school of criticism and the doctrines advocated by THE MIRROR consistently for several years are all perverse and shallow, and this writer is the light of a new and radical dispensation, or THE MIRROR is right and this critic is upside down.

People who are continually discussing the questions involved in this issue of materialism and ideality ought to be able to act as jurors in such a case as this, and it is because the readers of THE MIRROR are presumed to be intelligent observers of this conflict of ideas and notions, that I put this writer's views before them, and after following me in my examination, I ask them to decide upon which side lies the truth.

Here he is; read him carefully:

> In the play called The Burglar, now to be seen at the Madison Square Theatre, the rude gentleman whose occupation gives the piece its title is caught at his work in the dead of night by the householder whom he is robbing. The burglar discovers that the householder is a friend of former years, before he became eminent in his deplorable vocation, and he also discovers that the prattling child whom he has already seen is his own long-lost daughter. The burglar wants to kiss the child. He pleads for the opportunity, and to prove that his intentions are purely sentimental he delivers to the householder the loaded pistol with which, a few seconds previously, he threatened to commit murder. The magnanimous householder, touched by the culprit's tears, returns the dangerous weapon and summons the child.
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> Why does he return the pistol? To be sure, he recognizes in the burglar the child's father, but he also recognizes in him a man of desperate character, whose reclamation is well-nigh hopeless. There is no reason known to human nature why the burglar should not give way to his lawless passion and take revenge on society simply because he has found his child living amid luxury. He knows she is lost to him forever. But the playwright finds his justification for this bit of clap-trap in the effect it has upon the spectators. The play is interrupted at this point by enthusiastic applause. The joy of the multitude is unmistakable. The incident has been highly praised in print, too, as a "touch of nature."
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> Of course it is wholly false to nature. If the mild householder intended to imply by returning the pistol that he did not fear the burglar and dared him to do his worst, his action would represent fitly the foolhardiness that some folks like to call bravery. But the playwright does not aim to express bravery at all, simply the householder's implicit confidence in the armed scoundrel who has broken into his dwelling to rob it. And this expression of confidence—which introduces the maudlin element in an episode otherwise impressive and of no little dramatic value—makes the women weep and the men shout "Bravo."
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> This most popular scene in The Burglar, therefore, a bit of the false symbolism of the cheap romantic drama impressed into use in a play that aims to be a close study of modern life, may be taken as an illustration of the divergence between the popular stage fiction of to-day and the thoughts and feelings of cultivated persons, which, by the way, are aptly expressed in literary works by many writers.

My declaration is that the narration of facts here is false; that the truth embodied in the incident is overlooked, and that an unwarranted deduction, at once unjust to the particular play and to the drama in general, is made.

Let me state the facts of representation as I see them.

A burglar enters a house for the purpose of robbing it. While engaged in his work he is surprised by his own infant child, whose innocence and ingenuousness awaken in him all that is sad, and tender, and kindly. He discovers that it is his own child, living under the protection of the man of the house. This householder enters and catches the burglar in conversation with the child. He immediately orders the child out of the room. Then takes place the scene between the honest and successful man and the outlaw. The outlaw, wrought upon by the influence of the child, begs to be permitted to see her, and kiss her. He puts this claim as her father: abandoned, reckless, guilty, but still her father.

The householder sees plainly enough that whatever else this man may be, he is still susceptible to the natural claims of kinship and innocence. He hesitates. He knows that the man is armed and unscrupulous and he says so. Then the father who is no longer a burglar takes the weapon that he carries and offers it to the other as in some sort a better guarrantee than any promises he can make, and the man looking at him and seeing the heart of the parent in the face of the thief, hands him back the pistol with the unspoken declaration that he will trust to the sudden feelings of the father, and not to firearms.

This I submit is a much fairer statement of the incident than my friend has furnished. But he calls the only feature in the incident that invariably awakens emotion and pleasure in the audience—"a piece of clap-trap," "wholly false to nature," "a piece of false symbolism of the cheap romantic drama impressed into use in a play that aims to be a close study of life."

In my judgment it is the only incident in the whole play that is strictly true to nature, and that ennobles the representation.

What the critic means by being a "close study of modern life," I do not clearly understand, nor do I believe he knows himself. Certainly, if the play meant to study modern life to the exclusion of all sentiment, the householder would have instantly bellowed for help, rung the messenger call, summoned the police and ended the matter. But there would have been no applause for that. People who insist upon accurate studies of life had better go to life itself and not to art. The police court is a much better school than the comedy theatre for that sort of thing.

But it is worth noticing that the moment these two men rise from the vulgar actual to the ideal possible, and one trusts the other because his heart has been touched, your human observers spontaneously cry out in sympathy.

If I understand the critic of the *Times*, the householder should have said: "All I know is that you are a thief. I do not propose to acknowledge that a thief can have anywhere in him an abeyant tenderness, or can in any way be touched, or impressed, or moved, or redeemed. All such ideas are clap-trap and may do for plays in the past, but do not accord with stories of modern life. If the innocence and beauty of your own child so suddenly stumbled upon has touched you, it is a false symbolism. It is my duty to blow your brains out, and if I get hold of your pistol I'll do it. Because in my avoidance of sympathy and pity and magnanimity and other rubbish of the old school, I am simply trying to be true to modern life."

But I have to remark here that any such truth to modern life is false to art, to sentiment, to poetry, to ideality, to the drama in its best estate.

It is the coarse and vulgar adherence to facts which Goethe so much lamented, and not the adherence to truth. And these writers are constantly confusing facts and truth between which there is a photographical gap as wide as the orbit of a Shakespeare.

I can conceive of nothing so bald, so material, so hackneyed, so dull in its physical fidelity, as the simple mistrust of the burglar would be. I can conceive of nothing so inane as his arrest of the burglar. But that would doubtless be true to life. Perhaps a rough-and-tumble fight between the men with the arrival of the police would be the truest of all. It would at least be objective, and if the stepfather had spanked Editha and put her to bed with the injunction not to interview any more midnight burglars, the scene would have been true to the American matron's ideas of modern life.

But instead of descending to any such accuracy as this, these men lift the whole scene with a sentiment, and the moment one man trusts the other the house is won.

This is the kind of clap-trap that makes the whole world kin.

It is the clap-trap that has leavened the drama for a thousand years.

The moment physical violence gives way to faith; the moment men arrayed against each other as antagonists find a common sentiment that unites them; the moment the heart asserts itself over the prejudices, the fears, the hatreds of life, the clap-trap touches some universal chord.

Mr. Howells wants to eliminate plot from the drama, and this writer would now eliminate sentiment.

According to these students of modern life, the coming American drama will be without lock, stock or barrel.

I hear a great deal about this modern life, but I fail to see what it is fascinates the students. Modern life is chiefly noticeable, on this side of the ocean at least, for its worship of commercial success and its admiration of material progress. In society it is wealth that is sought; in literature it is sensation. In the realm of thought all is confusion. Old landmarks are swept away and sects, statesmen and doctrinaires are whirling round in a sort of intellectual cyclone. It is this confusion that the stage should represent. Should it proclaim with one breath that marriage is a failure, and with the next that death ends all; or should the stage, true to its art instincts, hold fast to the elementally true and beautiful in human nature, whether it be modern or ancient?

Mind you, I do not think The Burglar is an extraordinary drama in any sense. It reminds me of a man who buys or steals a fifty-cent etching and builds a hundred-dollar frame to put it in, because the etching was admired. But the play both originally and in its present form was made with the distinct purpose of showing the possible, and perhaps I should say, the natural influence of innocence and sweetness upon an abandoned character, who, in spite of all his errors and sins is still susceptible to his own child's voice and bright face. The postulate of the play is that a father cannot be so bad that his own infant daughter will not exert a good influence over him at some time. The logical outcome of this postulate is that the man who comes suddenly upon him, is so touched by the grief and helplessness and appeal of the man that he, too, is influenced and trusts him.

Men and women who go to see this instinctively feel that the sentiment is not an ignoble one.

The critic on the *Times* who acknowledges the premiss of the play would have all the conclusions cut out.

Having postulated a sentiment he thinks that the playwright should have left out all exhibitions of it, and says sneeringly that "the incident has been praised in print," and adds dogmatically that "it is false to nature."

What nature? Whose nature?

It is doubtless false to the nature of the prig, the cynic, the *roué*, the prosaic sneerer at sentiment and romance. It is false to the nature of the indurated realist who wants the muck of the police court transferred from life to art, and who believes that Zola is a greater artist than Tolstoi.

But it is not false to the human nature of men and women as the world goes. It is not false to the best native instincts of human hearts everywhere, who do not want drama bound up with the Revised Code and written with a compass and square. It is true to the ideal theatre to which we look for romance and sentiment, just now hunted out of literature by Howells and tinkered out of drama by Brander Matthews. And I for one do not hesitate to again praise in print a pretty incident, which, if not true to the police precinct blotter, is at least faithful to the most generous and most wholesome of human instincts.

NYM CRINKLE.

ENLARGING THE LYCEUM.

Manager Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, is elated over the action of the Lyceum Theatre stockholders. The latter purchased, on Monday, the three-story brick building, No. 22 East Twenty-fourth street, for the purposed of enlarging the Lyceum.

"When the theatre first came under my management," said Mr. Frohman to a MIRROR reporter, "there was little need of any improvements of that kind. But steady success has made enlarged quarters absolutely imperative. During the past year we have felt the limitation of the stage facilities very acutely, so much so, in fact, that the stage began to be known as one of the most difficult to manipulate in the country. The new building is 25x150 feet. The rear of the lot purchased with it, which is now a yard, will be used for extending the depth of the Lyceum Theatre stage 25 feet.

"The work of hoisting the scenery by ropes will be done away with, for we will then have ample room for storing not alone our scenery but the valuable properties which have been accumulating in the theatre during the past few years. The stage entrance, which has been on Fourth Avenue will be transferred to the new building in which also I shall have a large suite of offices to accommodate my many theatrical enterprises for next year. Superintendent D'Oench, of the Department of Buildings has the plans for the alterations in hand and it is hoped that he will have the additional room in time for E. H. Sothern's opening in Lord Chumley here in August.

ALTOONA'S PROSPECTS.

The fears of those managers who think that Altoona, Pa., will suffer as a theatrical town in consequence of the Johnstown floods, would be readily dispelled by a talk with E. D. Griswold, the manager of the Eleventh Avenue Opera House in the former city. He has been in this city the past few weeks, quietly filling up the time of his house with good attractions.

"Instead of the flood hurting us, it will do us an incalculable amount of good," said Mr. Griswold to a MIRROR reporter. "The Pennsylvania Railroad shops are located in our city, and as the company will have to replace all the rolling stock damaged by the awful calamity, you can easily see how the town is going to 'boom.' The Railroad company, in fact, is now putting up a new shop, and 3,000 more men are to be employed. If that doesn't mean prosperity for the Opera House, which is now the only theatre in the place, I know nothing whatever of human nature or theatricals."

TONY HART TO TRAVEL.

The numerous friends of Tony Hart throughout the country will be pleased to learn that he is residing at his home in Worcester, Mass. It is said now that his malady is paralysis of the vocal organs. While his mind is as clear and strong as ever, his voice is completely gone. Mr. Hart has accepted the generous offer of Edgar Selden to travel with the latter's Will o' the Wisp company during at least a portion of the coming season. The change of scene and excitement of travel will be very beneficial to the once gay and popular young comedian. His wife, Gertie Granville, has been devotedly attached to him since the dark cloud blighted his career. She has been engaged as the soubrette of the Will o' the Wisp company, and will play the part of Nancy Monahan, a fun-loving, mischievous Irish lass, in which she will introduce the neat and graceful dancing for which she was noted before her husband's sad affliction. During the performances Mr. Hart will occupy a box.

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THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

Readers of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR who are going out-of-town for the Summer, can have the paper sent on the following terms, by forwarding address and amount to this office:

50 cents for four weeks.
$1.00 for ten weeks.
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ADOPT THE BALLOT.

THE need of amending the By-Laws of the Actors Fund, so as to provide for the election of officers and trustees by ballot, is seen by the majority of the members of the Association, many of whom have expressed themselves vigorously on that subject. Under the present regulations, elections may be effected at the annual meetings, either by ballot or by acclamation, "as a majority shall designate." With the exception of last year, when ballots were employed, at all these meetings the voting has been by acclamation.

There are many reasons why regular balloting, such as other associations of kindred purpose employ, should be adopted, and made mandatory.

In the first place, the man who deposits a ticket in a ballot-box exercises deliberation and care. He cannot make mistakes, or vote ignorantly, for the simple reason that he knows just what he is doing. That sober judgment should be employed in the selection of officers for the guardianship and administration of the moneys and affairs of an important charitable organization is so evident that any argument with respect to it would be superfluous.

Furthermore, the ballot does away with the exhuberance, bordering on disorder, attending the method of electing by acclamation. The proceedings of an association, gathered in the sweet name of charity, should be decorous, as the President took occasion to observe at the recent annual meeting. Moreover, the ballot gives to every member an equal voice and power—the women would, through, it be heard just as effectually as the biggest-lunged shouter. Besides, it is secret, and secrecy of selection is oftentimes desirable in order to obtain a perfectly free and honest vote.

Perhaps the most important consideration is the responsibility devolving upon every member of the Association to so hedge in the Fund against the possibility of harm, that its permanence and prosperity will be assured, even beyond the limit of their own lives.

As the By-Laws now stand, there is no way to prevent any number of persons from organizing a conspiracy to obtain possession of the Fund and using its moneys for their own purposes. We do not say that such a contingency is imminent or probable, but we do say that it is possible. Any sufficiently numerous body of men, however remotely connected with the profession in any of its branches could combine just before the annual elections, obtain membership at two dollars a head, and put its management into any hands they chose, irrespective of the wishes of the unsuspecting conservative element in the Association, whose interest in its work antedates the last annual meeting.

The Fund has in its custody a large sum of money. The greater portion of its revenues comes out of the Treasury of the City of New York, to be used for charitable distribution. If the loose By-Laws under which the Fund Association is governed were fully known to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; if the scheming and wire-pulling and exhibitions of personal malice which the present mode of its elections court, were used by the Fund's opponent, the Juvenile Delinquent Society, as reasons why the city's theatre-license money should not be shared by the Actor's Fund, it is more than likely that that large source of supply would be instantly closed. The calm, deliberate form of election secured by the use of the ballot would do much to avert such a calamitous loss.

Election by ballot is what the thoughtful and farsighted members of the Fund, from President PALMER down, want and will have.

This is to be secured by an amendment to Section 7, of the By-Laws, which the Association will be called to act upon before long. The Board of Trustees, at their last monthly meeting, were requested to call a special meeting of the Association for the purpose; but the majority, evidently miscomprehending the limitations of their powers, laid the matter of the amendment upon the table for one month's consideration. The Trustees, in point of fact, had no actual choice in the premises. They had no authority to refuse to convene the Association for the purpose named, nor to meddle with the proposed amendment, which only the Association itself can adopt, alter or reject. The majority of the Trustees simply overlooked their duty, as set forth in the By-Laws, under whose guidance and authority they act.

The result of this postponement is that the Association cannot now be assembled until the middle of September, at the earliest, one month's notice being necessary. Had the Trustees acted promptly the meeting could have been called for next month, when many members will be in town and at leisure. For the discussion of such an important measure a large and representative attendance would be desirable.

MORE JEREMIADE.

WE have hardly had time to recover from Mr. HOWELLS' amazing edict, that "for a play, a plot of close texture is no more necessary than for a novel," when his literary side partner, HENRY JAMES, bobs up serenely in the *New Review*, with some equally positive views on the same subject.

The particular grievance of Mr. JAMES is that "the stage has run too much to scenery." The Chicago *Tribune* pertinently remarks that "these two distinguished writers seem to despair of the drama as much as people at large despair of their novels."

The trouble with most would-be reformers is that they deem it necessary to resort to undue exaggeration, and make startling propositions in order to attract attention. The fallacy of Mr. HOWELLS' theory that the drama of the future will be "a prolongation of sketches," has already been pointed out in these columns.

While we coincide with Mr. JAMES that the face and the voice are more to the purpose than acres of printed canvas, we see no reason why the excellence of scenic appointments should in any way detract from a high quality of histrionic art.

No theatrical entertainment that depends solely on the picturesque effectiveness of its various settings, can properly come under the category of the acting drama—it is simply a spectacular diversion. The fact that spectacular productions have enjoyed popular approval does not, in any way, denote that the stage is devoting too much attention to scenery. The pictorial speculations of any number of theatrical managers cannot change the stronger current of the drama, which mirrors not only the lovliness of our surroundings but the whole realm of human nature as we find it reproduced by real dramatists.

It must be admitted that the query of Mr. JAMES, "Where is the contemporary drama?" cannot be answered to our entire satisfaction. The history of literature and the drama seem to prove that poets and playwrights are not the mere products of intellectual cultivation. No amount of educational training can turn out a dramatist. Genius is not a hot-house flower, and it frequently blooms amidst the weeds of uncultivated soil. While we recognize the sterility of the modern drama, we do not despair of good results in the future.

Mr. JAMES from his lofty pinacle of superior judgment maintains that "the sun of the the drama has set," and that "it's a pity, because the theatre—after every allowance is made—might have been a fine thing." This is really too bad! We desire to convey to Mr. JAMES the assurance of our continued consideration coupled, incidentally, with the assurance that good, and even great plays will be written long after his name and his novels have sunk into utter oblivion.

PIRACY MUST STOP.

THE COMTE DE KÉVATRY, who was here on a mission to effect measures for some protection for the works of French authors and artists, has returned to Paris with the assurance from JAMES G. BLAINE that Congress will take up the International Copyright Bill at its next session, and that "This piracy must stop."

The House of Representatives, last February, refused to take up the International Copyright Bill, although it had passed the United States Senate in the preceding Spring by a vote of three to one. A majority of the members of the lower house were known to be in favor of the bill, but forces were brought to bear to defeat it then.

The Theatrical Managers should now enlist the sympathy and aid of Mr. BLAINE to secure relief for the American brain-workers who are audaciously and outrageously robbed of the products of their talent and industry by the play-pirates now infesting the profession and undermining it at its foundation.

In the emphatic language of the Secretary of State, "This piracy must stop."

A MATTER OF POLICY.

PRESUMABLY for want of live theatrical news, the *Herald* last Sunday revived the well worn theme of chronic deadheads. No amount of newspaper wisdom will induce the experienced manager to deviate from his own methods in the distribution of free tickets. Is it likely that a metropolitan newspaper would take the advice of a theatrical manager if he, for instance, were to suggest that it was not advisable to fill certain columns of the evening edition with "Want" advertisements that had only been taken for insertion in the morning issue? The proprietor would rise in his wrath and intimate that he knew how to run his own business.

It is simply a matter of business policy. If an unknown attraction is making a bid for a metropolitan record, it is natural that the manager should issue free tickets to fill the house, in case the piece fails to draw. Again, where the object to be obtained is a prolonged run in New York, it is not surprising that the manager should occasionally find it necessary to "paper" the house. This frequently happens in Lent or when some monster circus troupe controls public patronage for the time being.

The average manager is by no manner of means a fool, and let no one imagine that he encourages the chronic deadhead from motives of philanthropic generosity.

PERSONAL.

MCVICKER.—Manager J. H. McVicker, of Chicago, is in the city.

FRENCH.—T. Henry French rents a cottage at Long Branch this Summer.

VON LEER.—Sara Von Leer sailed for Europe on Saturday last. She will return on Aug. 10.

GURNEY.—Lester S. Gurney of the Actors' Fund office, has gone out-of-town to spend his fortnight's vacation.

FESSLER.—Walter Fessler has relinquished his engagement with Edwin Mayo, and is at liberty for next season.

MARSTON.—Richard Marston, the scenic artist, will arrive in New York about July 16, by the *Alaska*, which left Liverpool last Saturday.

FLEMING.—W. J. Fleming has just returned from a trip to the White Mountains. He will start in a few days for a yachting cruise on the St. Lawrence River.

SANFORD.—Jack S. Sanford, who has been engaged to go in advance of Joseph Haworth's Paul Kauvar company, will spend the Summer at Atlantic City, N. J.

EUROPE.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence and Capt. Conner sailed for Europe on Saturday on the *Umbria*, while among the passengers on *La Gascogne* the same day was Emily Rigl.

RYAN.—Matt E. Ryan, the manager of the People's Theatre, St. Louis, is in the city.

MITCHELL.—Julian Mitchell is reported to have been married recently to George Lake, a soubrette.

ROSA.—Patti Rosa sailed for America Saturday last on the *Alaska* and is expected to arrive here next Sunday. Miss Rose is accompanied by her mother, the once famous danseuse, Mlle. Cento.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry is confined to her bed at Long Branch with bronchitis. She was to have sailed for Europe on Saturday but her illness will prevent her departure for four or five weeks.

INCE.—John E. Ince, the clever comedian, has been engaged to support Adelaide Moore in The Love Story, which will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Aug. 12. For the regular season, Mr. Ince will go with Nat Goodwin.

RECEPTION.—A most enjoyable reception was given by Hayden Tilla at his studio, No. 391 Fifth avenue to a number of the members of the press last Friday afternoon. Mr. Tilla gave an illustrated talk on his method of training the voice.

EVANS.—Lizzie Evans will play a preliminary week at Atlantic City and Asbury Park, commencing on August 5. She will also open a new Opera House in Manasquan, New Jersey, where her new comedy, Fine Feathers, will receive its *premier*.

TOWERS.—David Towers, manager for Neil Burgess, has sailed for Europe to protect the rights of the comedian in the horse race scene, which is said to have been introduced into a play now being presented in London. He will endeavor to secure European patents for the scene.

HERNE.—James A. Herne, who will open his next season in Drifting Apart, at Troy, on Sept. 2, is hard at work on a new piece entitled The Hawthornes. Drifting Apart has been almost entirely re-written, the time is all booked, and the prospects for the season are good.

HUNTER.—Tom Hunter, who formally withdrew from the stage not long ago, is coming back to it again. He rejoins Milton Nobles next season for his old characters. He is a capital actor and Mr. Nobles will be glad to have him back, as he has been missed from the cast of From Sire to Son.

LINGARD.—Nellie Lingard is proving herself a decidedly clever and capable actress in London. At the recent matinee performance of The Scarecrow at the Strand she was the recipient of special mention by a number of the prominent critics of the press for her bright rendition of a difficult character.

HANLEY.—Emma Hanley, who has gained much praise from the press both in burlesque and opera, has been engaged by the Aronsons to play Nadjy and Javotte in Erminie next season. As a consequence, Miss Hanley is taking dancing lessons in this city this Summer, instead of enjoying herself in the country.

KIMBALL.—Jennie Kimball, the mother of Corinne, is quite ill at her home, 1827 North Broad Street, Philadelphia. Her illness is said to be due to fatty degeneration of the heart. Mrs. Kimball intended to go to Cape May, but her physicians have ordered perfect rest, and will not allow her to leave Philadelphia for some time to come.

REED.—Roland Reed is spending his Summer vacation at East Windham in the Catskills. He writes that it is a lovely place for absolute rest, and that in this respect it could give odds to a cemetery. Mr. Reed, as has been his custom for the last five years, will open his season at the Boston Museum. He will begin a two weeks' engagement in The Woman Hater, at that house on August 19.

WAINWRIGHT.—Marie Wainwright recently gave a supper to American actresses at the Hotel Victoria, London. Among those present were Helen Dauvray, Kate Forsyth, Maida Craigen, Arthur Falkland Buchanan and J. B. Mason. Following the supper there was a musical seance, in which the Misses Forsyth, Dauvray and Wainwright participated. Miss Wainwright is expected to sail for America to-day (Wednesday).

DOWNING.—Robert Downing has decided to produce another piece next season, in addition to Count Claudio. It is a drama in blank verse from the pen of Herman Charles Merivale and is called The White Pilgrim. Mr. Downing was so much pleased with the story, which is said to have been suggested by The Oath of Sintram, that he set to work to transpose and adapt it for the stage. John Philip Sousa is to compose the music required for the play.

BURGESS.—Although Neil Burgess' life is thought not to be in danger from the recent injuries received by the explosion of a can of gasoline at his home, in the Highlands of Navesink, it is announced, on apparently good authority, that he may never be able to appear on the stage again. Manager J. M. Hill is, therefore, to read to-day (Wednesday) a new play by Henry Doblin, a cousin of Charles S. Dickson, entitled Joseph Lewis and Son, with a view to production at the Union Square next season. This play has been secured for the Pacific Coast by M. B. Curtis and Lewis Morrison, who are to produce it shortly in San Francisco.

THE USHER.

In Ushering
Mend him who can? The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

The torpor of the English playwrights and the dullness of the season have doubtless as much to do with the liveliness of the discussion, excited by Archer's adaptation of Ibsen's Doll House as anything else. The piece, like Daniel Rochat, was written for a purpose, and its sociologic aspect outweighs its dramatic interest from the conventional point of view. Moreover, Ibsen's methods are as original as his choice of subjects. Another of his plays, Ghosts, is shortly to be given at a special performance. Two or three versions of A Doll's House have been in existence here for several years. Mr. Palmer is reported to contemplate a matinee performance of Archer's edition next season at the Madison Square, but he will probably be anticipated in this design, as an elaborate production by a favorite actress is already on the cards.

✠

Helen Bertram, the successor of Marion Manola in Clover, is a pretty and pleasing singer, whose Stella would be more satisfactory if she knew how to act a little bit. But even with that disadvantage, her work is more enjoyable than that of most of the comic opera prime donne, for the reason that she is so thoroughly free from the affectation and brassy assurance which are unpleasantly conspicuous in most of them. Miss Bertram's voice is agreeable and her singing is good. She seems to please the public, moreover.

✠

Aunt Louisa Eldridge's patriotism is proverbial. She would no more dream of missing a celebration of the Fourth than of failing to attend a professional funeral. So it was with little surprise that on Thursday last, while breakfasting *al fresco*, on a balcony at The Hollywood—Mr. Hoey's superb hotel property at the Branch—I heard a familiar voice exclaim: "Let me wave it while I live, and bury me in it when I die!" and, looking up, saw Aunt Louisa—herself decorated gaily with the patriotic tri-color—rapturously gazing on the national ensign, which flew from a staff nearby. She managed to give a tinge of red-white-and-blue to the day, even in those exclusive precincts. And, by the way, I would respectfully observe, in passing, that The Hollywood is the only place in Long Branch where a man feels that he isn't part of a mob. The big caravanseries along the ocean are like so many cattle-pens, or stupendous styes, and the inmates, notwithstanding the fact that pork is unpopular with the majority, remind you at once of pigs in clover.

✠

Besides the other places where it is regularly on sale in London, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR will hereafter be sold at Low's Exchange, 44 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square. This arrangement will be appreciated by the many American professionals that make Mr. Low's office a headquarters while in the British metropolis.

✠

Manager Palmer is having a delightful stay in London, enjoying to the utmost the pleasures that the town affords at this season. He gave a dinner to a party of friends at the Hotel Victoria on the Fourth. Up to the present time, no word of any dramatic purchases for the Madison Square has been received.

MR. TAYLOR HERE AGAIN.

Howard P. Taylor, the dramatist, arrived from California on the Glorious Fourth, and to a MIRROR reporter, who encountered him at the offices of Klaw and Erlanger, he spoke as follows regarding his plans and future movements:

"I returned for the purpose of assisting in the production of the new spectacular melodrama, Lost in Africa, which is to have its initial representation at the Windsor on Sept. 2, and to place, if possible, two new and original New England comedy-dramas I have lately completed. They are on the Old Homestead-Jed Prouty order, but I think with more solidity of plot and characteristic humor. There seems to be a demand for this kind of stage entertainment, and being familiar with the New England character, I think I have evolved a couple of plays that will please the public fancy, if I can find the people to properly portray the Yankee type."

"How about those reports of the non-success of The Little Pauper in San Francisco?"

"The play was a success, at least so far as the audiences were concerned, who gave unmistakable evidences of their approval by remaining till the fall of the curtain on the last act every night, and loudly applauding the various scenes, situations, incidents, etc. I was unfortunate in selecting Kate Mayhew to interpret the leading character, and the company she surrounded herself with, with two exceptions, was notoriously incompetent. I would have taken the play from her before the first performance had it not been from a fear of being accused of doing an unprofessional act. Badly as the piece was played I received a handsome cash offer for it the day after the first performance by an actress of San Francisco, which I declined, for I expect to make more money out of it."

"What is the character of Lost in Africa?"

"It is a high sensational spectacular melodrama from the French—an old play, totally unsuited to the requirements of modern times, but containing several exciting elements which I deemed too good to eliminate. I therefore retained them, but re-wrote the whole piece, expunging several superfluous characters and inserting others, changing the plot, and clothing the piece in modern language. One of the sensations will be the explosion and sinking of a mammoth French frigate in mid-ocean. The ship will disappear entirely from view, and an improvised raft, containing four persons, will take its place, dancing upon the turbulent waves, not dissimilar to the raft scene in The World. An effective and realistic scene will be an oasis in the African desert, with the characters, two male and two females, clothed in skins. A beautiful mechanical effect will be produced in this act, an automatic representation of the movement of an Arabian caravan in the background, the figures gradually enlarging as they approach, until they become life-size. Camels and horses will be employed in the scene. In the last act another sensational scene occurs. The rear of the stage will be occupied by a large mill, with water wheel in motion—real water—and the precipitating of a human body over the revolving wheel into the stream below. The upper front elevation of the mill ascends, showing an attempted assassination of the leading character, and the disposal of the body as above noted. Frederick W. Bert, who is to manage the enterprise, has applied for a patent upon the effect. Mr. Bert is now engaging the company at Klaw and Erlanger's office. The scenery is being painted and the mechanical effects constructed by three well-known New York artists, and I have every reason to believe the representation will be a creditable one. Three lithographing firms are now engaged upon some elaborate printing.

WAGNER AND REIS' CIRCUIT.

M. Reis, of Wagner and Reis, the managers of the Oil Region Circuit, is more than satisfied with the bookings which he has made for next season.

"Our prospects for the coming year are of the highest," he said recently. "We have just assumed the management of the Opera House at Elmira N. Y., formerly managed by W. E. Bardwell, and we have also again leased the Grand Opera House at Oil City. The other theatres in our circuit are Corning, N. Y.; Hornellsville, N. Y.; Olean, N. Y.; Bradford, Pa.; Erie, Pa., and Newcastle, Pa., while we continue to book Butler, Beaver Falls and Jamestown, N. Y.

"I shall be at the Morton House until Saturday, when I expect to sail on the *Servia* for Europe. I shall see all the sights that I can, including, of course, the Paris Exposition, and I will return early in September. All communications for the circuit after Saturday, the 12th inst., should be addressed to the general office, at Bradford, Pa."

NEIL BURGESS RECOVERING.

The report circulated last week that Neil Burgess was dangerously ill, is authoritatively denied by his attending physicians, Dr. Andrews, of Navesink, and Dr. Taylor, of Middletown, N. J. They are of opinion that Mr. Burgess will be able to fill his engagement, which will open in the Fall at the Union Square Theatre, but not as early as originally intended.

Mr. Burgess has been unable to leave his bed since the unfortunate accident occurred a fortnight ago, when a can of gasoline exploded while he was cleaning some costumes. Both arms and his left leg were severely burned. He lies on a bed made on the floor of his cottage, with a frame of netting over it. But for the prompt and heroic action of Mrs. Burgess, who wrapped him in a rug at the time of the accident, it is probable that the injuries of the genial comedian would have been fatal.

THE CAVALIER'S ILL LUCK.

The firm of Henry Lee and Tuft have concluded for the present to drop The Cavalier.

"Our faith in the play is as strong as ever," said Mr. Lee to a MIRROR reporter, "but we have lost on it since the first of March the sum of $13,000. This was through a number of adverse circumstances to which it would be useless now to advert. We have figured out that it would take another $20,000 to put the play where it belongs, and so we have abandoned it for the present. We are now casting about for another play and are in negotiation for one which we think will fill the bill.

"We have just finished a splendid season with Effie Ellsler, who will spend her Summer at Long Branch. Our time for her next season is almost closed entire. For her coming tour the *pièce de resistance* will be The Governess which was produced successfully last year. This will, however, be supplemented by a repertoire. I shall spend my Summer in New York principally, getting away whenever I can."

PESTIFEROUS PIRATES.

Among the recruits to the pirate crew this week are the Carrie Anderson company, the Montezuma company, the Louis Fierce Dramatic company, Enos and Wall's Model Comedy company, Isaac Payton Comedy company, Lowe's Boston Theatre company, Holden's Comedy company, Choate's Dramatic company.

The Pence Opera House appears to be a stamping ground for pirates, for the Edwin Stuart company played there week of June 3. Will the management of the Pence explain?

A stenographic pirate was discovered busily at work in the Madison Square Theatre during a performance of Featherbrain, last week. Manager Arthur Miller requested the marauder to "step outside." A messenger call had been dispatched for a police officer, but as soon as the offender reached the lobby he made a dash for liberty. Divining his intention, Mr. Miller accelerated the gentle youth's exit with a life-sized impression of a managerial boot. In his hasty and undignified flight the thief dropped his derby hat, which bore the trade-mark of a South Clark Street, Chicago, dealer. It is safe to predict that this "chiel" will never be found "takin' notes" again in the Madison Square, nor is it likely that he will call for his chapeau.

Manager J. G. Pringle, of A Mountain Pink company, claims the exclusive right to that play and charges Mora, under the management of Fred. Williams, with pirating it in Pennsylvania and New York.

The Clair Patee company is said to be playing A Night Off under the title of An Evening Out. They are also playing The Old Homestead.

A pirate company, headed by Frederick Loranger and May Loranger, has been playing Foggs' Ferry and Muggs' Landing in Michigan. It is said that this crew has stranded.

The following pertinent letter regarding the pirate play bureau conducted by the notorious Alex Byers, in Chicago, has been received from Edgar Selden, the author of McKenna's Flirtation and Will o' the Wisp:

NEW YORK, July 8, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In last week's issue of THE MIRROR I read with deep interest the article exposing the workings and enterprise (?) of the notorious Chicago pirate and vender of stolen manuscript plays, Alex Byers.

I notice among the list of successful copyrighted plays offered for sale by this barefaced thief, one of my own, viz., McKenna's Flirtation, and I also recall how, on the first presentation of the piece in Chicago in January, 1888, a man was discovered comfortably seated in an orchestra chair industriously engaged in taking down, in shorthand, the language, business of the play, etc., and who was promptly ejected from the theatre by the watchful usher, but unfortunately permitted to escape without arrest. Eventually his attempted theft must have met with success, and furthermore he was undoubtedly acting for and in league with this same Alex Byers.

As play-piracy has become so flagrant of late, and every effort to bring the offending parties to justice has been little more than useless, I would suggest that all dramatic authors, interested in the protection of their brain work, should come together and subscribe a sufficient sum of money for the arrest and putting out of harm's way the fountain-head of the guild—the artless Alex. Byers.

Once let the source of their supply be shut off, the pirates will not find it such an easy matter to exist. The conviction of this man ought to be readily accomplished, and others of his ilk, taking warning by his downfall, may become less bold in their operations, or run chances of sharing with him the punishment of their nefarious transactions.

Very truly, EDGAR SELDEN.

Manager W. J. Buchanan, of the Peavey Grand Opera House, Sioux City, Ia., plays none but the best legitimate attractions at his house, and on receiving a circular letter from the notorious pirates known as Hunt and Keene's Theatre company, he immediately transmitted it to THE MIRROR. The following repertoire of copyrighted plays is pirated by Hunt and Keene's company: Mr. Barnes of New York, Young Mrs. Winthrop, Lynwood, Queena, Jim the Penman, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Esmeralda, Fedora, Private Secretary, Colleen Bawn, '49, Hazel Kirke, Miss Multon, Van the Virginian, A Bunch of Keys. The Theatrical Managers' Association intend to prosecute Hunt and Keene.

MEMBERS of the theatrical colony at Long Branch are getting up a benefit for the Monmouth Memorial Hospital. Among those who have volunteered their services for the entertainment are Oliver Byron, Nellie McHenry, Thomas W. Keene, Joseph Wheelock, Joseph Haworth, William A. Mestayer, Theresa Vaughn, Edwin Arden, Frank Maeder, Kate Byron, Hattie Russell and many others.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

ALICE VANE TEMPLETON sailed for Europe on Saturday last on *La Gascogne*.

FRANK LAWTON has been secured for A Hole in the Ground for next season.

CECIL KINGSTONE has been engaged for Annie Pixley's company for next season.

JOHN T. MACAULEY, of Louisville, is in the city. He has made his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's.

CHARLES CONNOLLY has been re-engaged as musical director for the Casper company of Charles T. Ellis.

AGNES LEAROCK is entertaining a number of her theatrical friends at her Maple Hill Farm, White Plains, N. Y.

HARRY T. LEE is re-engaged with the Mora company for next season. He is summering at Liverpool, N. Y.

FRANK WESTON has returned to this city, and is busy organizing Effie Ellsler's company for next season.

THE season of the Third Avenue Theatre and that of the Grand Opera House, closed on last Saturday night.

W. S. BATES has been re-engaged to do the advance work of W. T. Bryant's Keep It Dark company next season.

J. J. HOLLAND has been secured for the Great Metropolis company. This engagement completes the cast.

TONINA AND LILY ADAMS have been engaged for, and will probably be starred with Fred McCoy's Silver King company.

THE Lyceum Theatre company concluded its month's engagement at San Francisco this week. Business has been very large.

MYRON LEFFINGWELL has been engaged for the Redmund-Barry company, which will open its season in Providence on August 5.

J. Z. LITTLE, in Golden Gulch, will open the preliminary season of Tony Pastor's Theatre on August 5, with a week's engagement.

A. L. ERLANGER won $50 on Sunday on his Lexington trotter "Lou," which won a mile brush on the Jerome Park road with another fast horse.

E. H. SOTHERN arrived in the city on Monday with the members of his company. He will leave to-morrow (Thursday) for the Adirondacks.

HARRY C. CLARKE has been engaged for the principal comedy part in The White Elephant, to be produced at the Bijou Theatre next Monday night.

JOHN CLINTON HALL will open his season with Ranch 10, on Sept. 2 at Rutland, Vt. He intends to produce Almost A Life, on Dec. 9 at Philadelphia.

FRED LOTTO, who has not done any professional work for the past four years, will be a member of the Legal Wreck company during the coming season.

JENNIE WEST has been engaged for the production of The Lion and the Lamb at the Bijou Theatre. She will not go with Edwin Mayo next season.

EMIL BOURLIER, manager of the Masonic Theatre, Louisville, arrived in the city on Sunday. He has made his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's.

GEORGE H. JESSOP is expected in this city from Europe this week. His trip has been cut short by the proposed early production of The Great Metropolis.

JOSEPH J. JESSEL, manager for Agnes Herndon, has taken desk room at Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange. Maze Edwards has been secured as Mr. Jessel's representative.

ARAMIS, the Master Mind, the new play to be produced by Walter Mathews next season, deals with historical incidents that occurred in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

F. RAYNES and H. Prince have purchased from Dominick Murray the play of Right's Right, as well as the scenery and effects of the piece, and will produce it next season.

MRS. BERNARD (Weevie Vivian) is engaged for next season with The Still Alarm, to play Cad. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard are at their cottage at Blue Point, L. I., for the Summer.

PERCIVAL T. GREENE, manager of the new Academy of Music at Toronto, who has been in this city for the past fortnight, will leave for the home city to-morrow (Wednesday).

FRANK MURTHA will open the Windsor Theatre on August 12, with Agnes Herndon's new play, La Belle Marie. The piece is adapted from the same source as Esther Sandraz.

A. W. FREMONT, who was stage manager last season with W. H. Powers' Ivy Leaf company, has been re-engaged for next season in the same capacity with the Fairy's Well company.

WILSON BARRETT began his special engagement of two weeks at the Globe Theatre, London, on Monday night. He will open and dedicate the new theatre at Halifax, his native town, on Aug. 6.

THE city flat of William A. Edwards, the manager of Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre, was broken into by thieves last Friday night, and between $500 and $600 worth of silverware and clothing stolen.

FOUR of the London Gaiety Theatre dancers have been secured by the Miller Brothers, for Kajanka. They are said to be equal, if not superior, to the two exponents of the peculiar style of dancing seen here last Winter with the former company.

THOMAS H. DAVIS, the Secretary of the Theatrical Managers' Association writes that "in one of the papers last week the name of Francis Wilson appeared as a subscriber for $25 to the Theatrical Managers' Association. It should have been for $50."

EDITH CRASKE has been engaged by the Miller Brothers through their European agent for Kajanka. The young lady is [illegible] years of age and does a specialty [illegible] London press say is superior to [illegible]ive performer Ida Heath. Sidney H. Horner [illegible]gent during [illegible]. Wm. [illegible] secured through the same [illegible] Fellow, C. E. director.

AT THE THEATRES.

If it were not for comic opera, chronic theatregoers would be in a most helpless condition at present, as all the dramatic birds have flown from last year's nest.

A juvenile Pinafore company took possession of Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last Wednesday, and now proclaims itself as a "joyous success." There was some interference last week on the part of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but matters seem to have straightened out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Chinese company has left the precincts of the Windsor with its tom-toms, costumes, pigtails and other celestial properties. The house was dark on Monday and Tuesday of the current week, but is to be invaded tonight (Wednesday) by members of the operatic company that appeared lately at the Grand Opera House. The engagement will begin with The Bohemian Girl.

The Oolah still enjoys its due share of popular favor. Francis Wilson seems to increase in vivacity in proportion to the rise of the thermometer, and his manager, A. H. Canby, is of the opinion that as a midsummer entertainment resort, the Broadway Theatre is not to be beaten.

Rudolph Aronson is equally emphatic in his assertion that the Casino is "America's most charming Summer theatre." The Brigands at that establishment will give its sixty-sixth consecutive performance on Saturday night, which is ample proof that the opera has made a favorable impression. Indeed, it is likely to abide among us until the leaves begin to fall, for that will probably happen long before the audiences begin to fall off.

Not to be out of fashion, Col. McCaull's representative advertises Palmer's Theatre as "the cosiest theatre in the world." This is no doubt quite in accordance with the facts, for the house is cooled by tons of ice nightly. Moreover, who would not feel cosy while listening to such a delightful operatic entertainment as Clover?

Dockstader's Minstrels still hold forth at their theatrical home on Broadway, and Koster and Bial's concert hall is principally devoted to selections from the burlesque of Monte Cristo, Jr.

BOOTLES' BABY.

Kate Claxton looked charming in a cool morning gown when a MIRROR reporter called upon her yesterday. In response to an inquiry about her new play, Miss Claxton said:

"I expect great things of Bootles' Baby, which I will produce for a run at the Madison Square Theatre on Aug. 5. The cast especially is one which I do not think can be excelled. It includes Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Garthorne, a brother of Mr. Kendal—the family name is Grimshawe, you know—Frederick Kerr, W. H. Crompton, Little Tuesday Wood, who is a niece of Joseph Arthur; Alice Lee, Blanche Weaver and Charles Stephenson and myself. There are one or two others yet to be secured, but I think the cast will be one of the strongest that has ever appeared in this city.

"Mr. Garthorne and Mr. Kerr are English actors who are being specially imported for this play. They will sail from England on the *City of New York* to-morrow (Wednesday) for this country. They will be accompanied by Spencer Cone, who will bring over the costumes and probably the printing (which will be imported), and Richard Marston, the scenic artist of the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Marston has seen the production in London at the Globe Theatre. He will paint all the scenery, which is now being built at the Madison Square."

DRAMATIC SELF-ESTEEM.

Dramatic art is not estimated as are the other arts. Reasons for this are obvious. In the other arts only masters come to the front. The rest are students who are content to work constantly, soulfully and unknown for years, having in view a Bohemian dinner and future recognition that almost never comes, for "many are called, but few are chosen."

Actors, great and small, live in the glare of the public eye. Beside the Othellos, Iagos and Hamlets, there are the smaller fry. As for the women of the play, each one deems herself the attraction of the piece, in her way. The old man is filled with traditions of his own greatness. Whether he is good or bad behind the footlights, he is often excellent at advertising himself outside. He has his followers among men about some parts of the town, chiefly in back offices of stray newspapers around the country, where he is sent forth a distinguished actor. The people of the cast can trumpet their own glory to an expecting public, and when night comes and the curtain rises, very often disappoint the average intelligent patron of the theatre. Many a time they hold good positions and draw fat salaries for mediocre work.

In any o[illegible] All-sails-out has cheek, a common fore the ann[illegible]ucation and influence one way and at two dollars[illegible]d she works her way into promi- ment into any ham[illegible]thout either experience or the She is a good clever girl, but if she cannot fill the bill, it is a pity to see her mar the play.

Mr. Shoe-maker concludes that his trade is beneath his aspirations, and forthwith surveys himself, and decides that "he will do." He advertises for an engagement to carry the world by storm, by his genius. He obtains the opportunity but his cyclone fails to materialize. It is unfortunate for the manager who engages him, for the public is disappointed in the company. One bad performer in a play is likely to put a whole company into bad odor with an irritable auditor. Too much modesty, and patient industry, on the part of beginners can scarcely be observed.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

Frank Carlos Griffith, Mrs. Langtry's manager, has gone on a New Hampshire farm.

George F. Learock is sojourning at Maple Hill Farm, in White Plains.

R. F. McClannin and family are at the Clifton House, Patchogue, L. I., for the Summer. Mr. McClannin will go with Maggie Mitchell's company next season.

Richard Koenig, who was acting manager for August Junkermann, when the latter played to $14,000 at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, last season, is stopping at the Long Point Hotel, Seneca Lake, N. Y. He has not yet signed for next season.

Robert L. Scott is spending the Summer at Peoria, Ill.

Harry Mills is at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Agnes Herndon is resting quietly at Willowmere Cottage, Bath Beach, L. I.

Frederick Sandford, who has been engaged to play the part of Happy Jack in The Old Homestead road company next season, will spend the Summer season at his cottage on one of the islands in Casco Bay, off the coast of Maine.

Gus Mortimer will recuperate at Little Silver, N. J., during the heated term.

Marion Erle will go to Long Branch for the Summer.

Arthur E. Moulton, Frank M. Wills, William Fairbanks, Rose Chesneau and Norma Wills will spend the Summer at Moultonboro, N. H., on Lake Winnepiseogee. They will give performances once a week at Wolfboro, Centre Harbor and Laconia.

Gus Kahn will go to Park Hill, on the Hudson.

Harry Watcham will inhale the bracing saline air of Bath Beach and Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea.

W. W. Randall is at Randall Manor, near Hampstead, L. I.

James Aldrich Libbey, the baritone, who recently made a hit as Alvin Barry in The Little Tycoon, will Summer at Binghamton, N. Y.

Marie Carlisle will Summer at Fort Wayne, Ind., and Sayville, L. I.

Mrs. J. Charles Davis is enjoying life at Booth Bay, Me., where she is stopping with relatives.

Lizzie Rechelle, the new Diane in Paul Kauvar, is with her mother at a seaside resort near Boston.

J. K. Emmett and wife and his son, J. Kline Emmett, Jr., are at "Fritz" Villa on the Hudson, above Albany.

Ray L. Royce and Webber Lansing will spend the Summer at Lake Mills, Wis.

Arthur Miller will go to Long Branch.

Lillian Drew, who has been on the Pacific Coast during the past two years, is spending the Summer with her husband, Maurice Drew, a member of the Soldiers' Home, (Dayton, O.) Dramatic company.

Harry C. Clarke, who has been sojourning at Atlantic City, will return to this city this week to begin rehearsals for The White Elephant. Mr. Clarke is engaged for the principal comedy role in that play, which is to be produced at the Bijou July 15.

Walter Fessler will go to Greenville, Pa.

Kirk Armstrong will sojourn in the Catskills during this month.

Louis Chiocchi and Tom Yore are the guests of Bijou Fernandez at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Joseph Slaytor and wife (Georgie Fox) are at the "Elms," Sayville, L. I.

William A. Edwards and wife (Mary Young) are at the West Brighton Hotel, Coney Island.

Fred Warde is at his cottage at River Rest, Bound Brook, N. J.

E. H. Sothern has gone to the Adirondacks.

Louis James is brushing up his repertoire at Nahant, Mass.

Wright Huntington will spend the Summer at Moodus, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Murdoch (Anne Clybourne) are at their place, South Middleboro, Mass.

J. M. Barron is summering on his farm on the Tread-Avon River, Talbot co., Md.

Emma Purcell will go to Greenwood Lake.

Marc Klaw left on Saturday to see the fight at New Orleans. From that city he goes direct to Schroon Lake for the Summer.

Ida Maussey, the pantomimist, who has been engaged for the Fantasma company next season, is rusticating in the Catskills.

May Wilkes, who has not yet signed for next season, will summer at Pleasure Bay, N. J.

John Webster, Nellie McHenry, Joseph Wheelock and wife, Joseph Haworth, Frank D. Hall, John P. Slocum, Frank Slocum and James Gilbert are summering in the Highlands of New Jersey.

Joseph Ransome, who is engaged to play the part of Carrac in Paul Kauvar next season, is spending the Summer at Ticonderoga, N. Y. Edward Vroom, who goes with Mrs. Potter next season, is at the same resort.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is comfortably domiciled for the Summer in a cottage at Point Lookout, L. I.

C. A. Shults, manager of the Opera House at Bath, N. Y., is spending the Summer at Long Branch.

James A. Herne will spend the Summer at Lamoine, Me., near Bar Harbor.

WHY NOT?

There is no telling to what extent the drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot device may be carried in theatrical affairs. The opera glass scheme is merely a forerunner in the wilderness of contingent possibilities. Merely to catch the public eye, as it were, from an optical point of view. Should the young man who saves up his quarters until they aggregate the requisite three dollars to take his girl to the theatre—should the amatory swain meekly submit to the additional tax on his income of having, at the request of his feminine companion, to drop a nickel in the opera-glass slot—then, indeed, is the entire theatrical community lost forever, and will have to submit to inevitable extortion.

In proverbial parlance, it is only the first step that costs. The temptation to attach other useful paraphernalia to the back of orchestra chairs will be too great for serious resistance. The evasive dime will be suggested as an open sesame for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" that the unsuspecting auditor has no conception of at present. It goes without saying, that libretti, full scores of the "oper-aw," fans, and all the other hideous and heart-rending cries we have been accustomed to associate with public performances, will give way to the seductive *modus operandi* of slots and slotters.

These addenda, however, are mere trifles to the ultimate supply of theatrical conveniences. There will no longer be any use of going out to see a man between the acts. The man will duly appear in liquid form when properly summoned. Moreover, the hypocritical and deceptive clove or coffee bean will fall into inocuous desuetude.

Caramels, gumdrops, French Mixed, tutti-frutti, in fact anything that lovely women employs to keep her face in motion during the compulsory silence enjoined upon the female auditor during performances, anything in the confectionary line that lends itself to noiseless mastication will no longer have to be purchased outside of the auditorium. The pretty bouquet girl in the lobby must practice her sympathetic smile in some other field of usefulness. The ticket speculator will also be nipped in the bud. Five cents dropped in the requisite slot, will bring forth a book containing the diagrams of all the theatres in town with the attractions engaged for the winter season. After indicating the seats you require on any given date, you will simply have to inscribe your name and address on the diagram, replace the book, and the tickets will be duly forwarded, C. O. D.

The gallery boy will also have his comforts attended to. Peanuts, chewing tobacco, apples, oranges, bananas, sandwiches, and other luxuries too numerous to mention, will shoot forth upon proper financial persuasion. In democratic establishments there will be an entire bill-of-fare, with every imaginable form of liquid refreshment. Select and refined audiences will be limited to ices, confectionery and lemonade. During a city engagement it might be necessary to add a "small bottle" for the rapid dude, and in the country a cup of tea and smelling salts for nervous old ladies.

The intellectual wants of theatregoers will likewise be catered to in future. For instance, if an auditor thinks the chorus girls are singing out of tune, he will be able to secure enough cotton for his ears to drown all unpleasant sounds whatsoever. If the jokes are of antique make, theatregoers can procure all the comic papers of the week without leaving their seats. If the dramatic episodes are not sufficiently thrilling, the latest sensational novel will be at their service. Of course, it would seem somewhat rude at present to read a novel during the performance, but the rules of etiquette bearing on this subject could easily be revised, *pro bono publico*.

We might follow out the possibility of the slot still further but our space is limited. Besides, we run the risk of having our ideas pirated before our inventions have been patented in Washington.

The *ne plus ultra* of theatrical slot inventions, however, is a new machine which, combining the properties of the telephone and the automatic delivery boxes, is to obviate the necessity of attending the theatre at all. The machines are to be placed in various public resorts, such as hotels, restaurants and club houses. After putting a penny into the inevitable slot, it will only be necessary to move an index hand to the desired theatre, pull out a kind of trumpet, which, placed to the ear, will enable any one to hear for three minutes whatever performance happens to be in progress. Thus, by expending a sufficient number of pennies you can take in the entire entertainment. The only drawback of this invention is that the stage business and personal appearance of the performers will have to be pictured to the mind's eye. Possibly some clever photographer may devise a camera that will reproduce at any distance dissolving views of current scenes as well as the gestures and facial expressions of every one on the stage for the time being. This would be a great invention for clergymen who ignorantly denounce the theatre for the sake of religious policy. At least they could obtain an inkling of how good a thing they were missing, and would be guilty of fewer erroneous statements concerning the evil influence of theatrical performances.

CUES.

EMMA JONES (Mrs. John E. Ince) has been engaged for The Seven Ages.

DAN SULLY has secured Daisy Chaplin for soubrette roles for next season.

FRED LOTTO has been engaged for A Legal Wreck company for next season.

GEORGE O. STARR, Barnum's agent, arrived from Europe on Monday on the *Eider*.

MARGUERITE FEALEY will be a member of the Lizzie Evans company next season.

JAMES WALL has signed with Dan Sully for next season to play leading juvenile parts.

FRED K. ANDERSON has been engaged as treasurer for Dockstader's, but has not yet signed for next season.

J. C. STEWART has engaged J. Frank Hadley, a well-known baritone singer for the Fat Men's Club company for next season.

AN English manager is negotiating with Joseph H. Mack to have the latter take the management of an American tour of Dorothy Dene.

ALF HAMPTON and Lee Harrison have been engaged for the two eccentric comedy characters in The White Elephant, to be produced at the Bijou Theatre next week.

A NUMBER of the members of the Chinese Dramatic company that recently appeared at the Windsor Theatre witnessed The Oolah at the Broadway Theatre last (Tuesday) evening.

THE lawn tennis chorus girl has made her appearance on upper Broadway. She wears a white flannel suit with a loose blouse waist, a sailor hat and carries a tennis racket in her hand.

HARRY B. HUDSON, for the past ten seasons with the Byron company, and his sister, Eliza P. Hudson, for the last five years with the Maggie Mitchell company, have been engaged by Manager Frank Charvat for the Ullie Akerstrom company.

THROUGH an error, the name of Charles H. Hicks crept into THE MIRROR last week as the manager of Humbug. Mr. Hicks is associated with Gustave Frohman in the latter's offices, and nothing but a general theatrical business is done by either of the partners.

THE initial opening of Yore's Grand Opera House at Benton Harbor, Mich., took place on July 2, and was a red letter event in that hustling town, which is the fruit centre of the Michigan peninsula. The house is under the management of R. F. Trevellick, Jr.

THE statement in last week's MIRROR that Mr. Markell was booking Montreal in his Canadian Circuit is incorrect. Montreal is not in any circuit, and the manager of the theatre there, Henry Thomas, books his attractions direct or through his agent, W. W. Randall.

GABRIELLE DU SAULD has been engaged to enact the role of a French ballet girl in The Lion and the Lamb, to be produced shortly at the Bijou Theatre. Charles Coote, who is to stage manage the piece, arrived in the city this week and begins work on the play at once.

J. P. TUCKER has engaged the following people as part of the British Operatic Minstrels which will open in Long Branch, July 15: J. P. Carroll, Tommy Butler, Barney McDonough, Shattuck and Carner, the Maurels, together with a band and orchestra of ten pieces.

W. J. FLEMING has taken proceedings against J. C. Duff, who announces the production by the Kiralfys of Around the World in Eighty Days, at the Standard Theatre, Aug. 10. Mr. Fleming owns the play, as has been shown in the courts, and will serve an injunction in a day or two.

THE stockholders of the Baltimore Academy of Music held a meeting on July 2, and authorized James Sloan, as president of the company, to enter into arrangements with Pat Harris for a new lease of the Academy for three years, to date from next September, when the present lease of Mr. Harris expires.

MANAGER LOMBARD has engaged the following well-known artists to support Edgar Selden in his starring tour in Will o' the Wisp during the coming season: Belle Sutton, Annie Erwin, Gertie Granville, Randolph Murray, W. J. Sully, Frederick Chippendale and Bert Fuller. Mr. Selden will open his season in Waterbury, Conn., on Aug. 26.

R. J. MOYE combines acting with scene painting. Several years ago he was one of the principal assistants of Richard Marston at the Union Square Theatre. At present he is assisting to paint scenery for Ben Teal's production of The Great Metropolis next season. Mr. Moye's histrionic acting next season will consist of a character part in The Stowaway.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A CONTEMPORARY, writing of the "servant on the stage," says: "All good servant girls on the stage are Irish. All male visitors are expected to kiss the servant girl when they come into the house, and say, 'Do you know, Jane, I think you are an uncommonly nice girl—click.' They always say this. And she likes it. Years ago, when we were young, we thought we would see if they were the same off the stage, and when we called at a friend's house, we tried it on. The girl ran behind a sofa, screamed for help, and afterward sued us for $250 damages. We borrowed the money and paid her. Since then we have lost faith in the drama as a guide to the conduct of life."

* * *

IT appears from the Chinese company now performing in this country, that it is quite customary in the Celestal Empire for the leading lady or soubrette to kick the walking gentleman or comedian in the proper place. This is done very much in the same manner that an American girl would slap a man's face if he became too familiar at short acquaintance.

Mr. Hoyt and other classical manufacturers of farcical comedy should at once introduce this striking novelty in their own line of humorous business. It would make a great hit, and if the ladies of the company were too pronounced and realistic in the execution of their little Highland fling the comedian could easily apply a padded chest protector to his histrionic battery, or wherever it was likely to do the most good.

The critics might say that the actors were given to exaggeration, but no professional would object to a fat part.

* * *

A CHICAGO girl, after witnessing the Chinese play, was heard to remark that upon the whole, she would rather visit a boiler factory.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN traveling manager has implicit faith in the belief that if a deadhead is the first person to enter a theatre it will bring bad luck.

While on the road recently two ladies holding complimentary tickets were the first to present themselves at the theatre when the doors were opened. The manager's brows lowered as he scanned the "paper," and to the amazement of the ladies he requested them to wait in the lobby until some tickets had been sold at the box-office.

On another occasion a gentleman, for the same reason, was told to "take a walk around the block and then return."

It would seem as though the rebuke of Paul to the Athenians that they were "too superstitious" would apply to this manager: but when it is remembered that Mrs. Grundy sanctions the showering of rice and the throwing of old buskins after newly-wedded couples, who can draw the line in superstitious fads?

* * *

"THAT was rather a cool thing I saw this morning," he said to a group of actors on Broadway.

"What was that?" that they all asked in chorus.

"Ice," responded the manager, and then the crowd broke up.

* * *

CHARLES BARNARD, the author and playwright, lives quietly in a pretty little cottage at Stamford, Conn. He was first known to the stage as the inventor of the revolving house in We, Us & Co. Then he and Henry C. De Mille built a play about a railroad switch, which he called The Main Line, and recently wrote A County Fair, a play built about a mechanical horse race—of which, however, he was not the originator.

For a number of years Mr. Barnard was the scientific editor of a leading magazine, and traveled exclusively in search of natural and artificial wonders. It is his belief that the stage can become a great educational factor by utilizing some of these marvelous things on the boards. He does not intend to leave the practical solution of this problem entirely to others. In his opinion there is absolutely nothing which cannot be reproduced on the stage, from the mysterious working of a Krupp gun factory to the interior of the Mammoth Cave.

* * *

THE collection of pictures in some of the dramatic agencies have various effects on different visitors. On Monday a manager of sporting proclivities gazed at them in admiration for some time, and then remarked:

"Who can pick me out the winners for to-day?"

* * *

A NEW photograph of Sol Smith Russell attracts attention in the window of Sarony's studio on Broadway. The *point de resistance* in the picture is the actor's make-up. Remarkable cleverness in character make-up, by the way, is limited at the present moment to a very small circle of actors. Mr. Russell has a prominent place in this category, and other actors who are included in it are: W. J. Lemoyne, J. H. Stoddart, Richard Mansfield, W. J. Ferguson, Joseph Frankau, and the veteran, Charles Foster.

But the majority of the profession to-day think more of appearing handsome than they do of making character fixtures that will live after them, or else they have been such careless students that they do not know the art.

* * *

THE advertisement of a new electric motor emphasizes the fact that the machine has "no magnetism apparent at any exposed surface" and "no sparking at the commutator." We have only a vague idea to what base uses rival motors have come, but the above dynamo is evidently not to be trifled with. Consequently, we take pleasure in recommending it for immediate use at the stage-doors of opera houses where young ladies of the ballet and attractive chorus girls are wont to be persecuted after the performance by persistent youths with more collar and cane than brawn and brain.

* * *

AN Italian lion trainer, Signor Muller, was lately eaten by his pet lion. Signor Muller must have been pretty tough, as the lion died three days later with acute dyspepsia.

* * *

THE leading dramatic paper of Germany has a euphonious but somewhat prolongated handle. When a member of the staff gets an interview, the introductory sentence reads something like this:

A reporter of the Offizielles Organ der Genossenschaft Deutscher Buehnenangehoerigen obtained from Obermaschienenmeister Carl Lautenschlaager some unpublished facts concerning the technical improvements of the Buehnenhaus der Oberammergauerpassionspiele.

And yet some people object to the German language for the librettos of grand opera. What could be better to accustom singers to take a long breath in *sostenuto* passages, as it were. Plain old Anglo-Saxon one-syllable words are altogether too *staccato* for the lyric drama.

A Wagnerian opera, such as the Goetterdaemmerung, will never be a success with an English libretto until an adapter is found whose vocabulary abounds in five, six and seven syllable words.

* * *

I WANTS to be an actor
In a razzle-dazzle troupe,
And not a starvin' super,
What's always in de soup.

One week I be's a Roman,
And mutters wid de mob,
De next week I'm a cut-throat
What's lookin' for a job.

I've been a Greek, a Spaniard,
A Rooshen and a Turk;
De stage hain't got no country
Where I ain't been to work.

Last night I wuz a Scotchman
In a piece dey calls Macbeth;
To-night I shouts in Richard,
Meself all out o' breath.

It's fifty cents dey pays me,
No matter what I do;
It's time in dis profeshen
I riz a peg or two!

* * *

A SAD world, my masters! Viscount Hinton, heir to the Earldom of Poulett, was an actor in London for seven years, but left the stage some months ago because he found it "degenerating."

His lordship for some time past has been propelling a handcart loaded with a barrel organ. He accepts the pennies and ha'pence of the music-loving mob on a silver salver, while his wife presides at the organ.

The Viscountess is a buxom, ruddy-faced woman, and is only forty-five, although she was in the ballet at the Alhambra a generation ago.

* * *

THE Hoboken Turtle Club, whose members are all New Yorkers, with a sprinkling of professionals, is getting ashamed of its name.

* * *

COLONEL OCHILTREE is a philosopher. He said recently: "Give me more taffy while I am with you, and less epitaphy when I am gone."

* * *

As a rule, the only actors who remain in the city during the hot, sultry weather are those who have not yet signed for next season, and who are anxious to have everything settled before they go away. It is delightful to witness their beaming countenances when they have finished dotting the last "i" and have crossed the last "t" of their signatures to the contract which binds them to this or that manager, and they probably feel every bit as happy as they look.

* * *

WHILE on his recent lecturing tour, Bill Nye told a pathetic story of a dog that he owned out West, called Entomologist. "I called him Entomologist, said he, because I had heard an entomologist was one who had a collection of rare and curious insects. This dog had the best collection I had ever seen. Entomologist was always eating things that he came across when we were out together, and then coming home and regretting it. One day he happened on some fresh mixed plaster-of-paris. He had never seen any of that before, so he ate quite a lot of it. . . . I sat up with him all night, but I could do nothing, and when the dawn was breaking, little Entomologist curled up and died. I have now on my desk at home a jagged white paper weight which bears this inscription: 'Plaster Cast of Entomologist. Interior View. Taken by Himself.'"

* * *

SHE liked the leading man's soulful pomposity;
He didn't!
He liked the villain, a comic monstrosity;
She didn't!
So they soon started quarreling over the play.
He said, "You're too gushing!" She answered, "*Rot!*"
They vowed they would sever forever and aye;
But they didn't!

* * *

IT is generally believed that end-men are not capable of improvising new rhymes when they receive an encore, and that they repeat the same verse or have had one prepared for such an emergency. Lew Dockstader appears to be an exception to the rule. The other evening at the Twenty-third Street Theatre he sang his regulation comic song with such good effect that the audience still clamored for more. Thereupon he trolled an old negro melody, the words of which ran as follows:

If you want to live well,
Go to a crack hotel,
And call for de best accordin'.
When de bill begins to swell,
Tell 'em all to go to—well,
We leave for de oder side o' Jordan.

This only seemed to whet the appetite of the audience, which was largely made up of professionals. Mr. Dockstader was not slow in grasping the situation. He did not know a second verse, and accordingly rang in the following change in the last two lines:

Just jump de town like—well,
Your trunk is kept in storage for de bordin'.

* * *

MANAGER LARRY H. REIST, of the Memorial Hall, Dayton, Ohio, is at present ill with yellow jaundice. He was sitting on the piazza of a hotel talking with friends the other day when a newly arrived guest rushed up to him with a bundle of clothes for the laundry. The stranger mistook Mr. Riest for Fun Gee, a Chinaman who works at the hotel. It cost the rash intruder the price of admission to Booth and Barrett to get out of his *contre-temps*. There is no *fungi* on Manager Reist, even if he has the jaundice.

* * *

A NEWARK church recently engaged a company called the Theo Drury Operatic company to give a benefit entertainment, and trusted blindly to the mild-eyed advance agent who promised a strictly moral show.

When the evening came there were no programmes and the first feature was a highly sensational burlesque called Robinson Crusoe, which completely horrified the good people of Newark.

A note was sent behind to the manager who cut out several song-and-dance specialties and substituted a darkey banjoist who sang "We've all Been There Before," with knowing winks at the audience.

The whole thing broke up in a virtuous stampede for the doors.

* * *

THE Indians with the Wild West Show had a little joke among themselves the other night.

In the scene where the stage coach is attacked by redskins and nobly defended by a few cow-boys, the Indians, instead of allowing themselves to be defeated, showed fight, and rumor sayeth that the cow-boys concluded that the only way to get out honorably was to get out quick.

Of course, this story is denied by the cow-boys, but there are things 'tis better not to dwell on.

* * *

He read his great tragedy,
"Revenge" was its name.
We listened submissively;
Oh, yes! we were game.
O'er the stage, free from anguish,
The murdered were spread;
While he tortured his victims
And left us half dead.

* * *

A MINSTREL troupe of the barnstorming order had given a performance at the town hall of a New England village one Saturday night. The next day they went to church to feast on the eloquence of the local preacher.

He appeared to be a very bigoted old gentleman, and, seeing the minstrels in the congregation, deemed it a fitting occasion to picture to them the awful fate in store for those who followed the sinful paths of the show business. This naturally aroused the indignation of the entire troupe, and when the minister announced after the sermon that the congregation would join in singing that beautiful hymn called "Jordan," they took a sweet and lingering revenge.

Instead of the real words, commencing "Jordan's stormy banks," etc., they substituted the following version of the well-known negro melody, which they frequently sang to wile away the weary hours of traveling from town to town:

Jordan am a hard road to travel
When we plays at de one night stand;
De tramp steals a ride on de grabel,
But dis darkey tramps o'er de land.
De railroad ties dey's uneven,
De sun poars down on his head;
It's better to git believen',
And stay at home in bed.

This verse was sung in a fortissimo chorus that effectually drowned the rest of the congregation in their efforts to stick to the authorized text. It is said that the good people of the community in which this sacrilegious performance occurred have not yet gotten over their astonishment.

* * *

TONINA ADAMS, the little actress, is a bright child. The other day her uncle was complaining of liver trouble. To Tonina's question as to where his liver was situated, he pointed to the spot where that organ is popularly believed to be.

"Well, unky," said the little one, "if that's your liver, where's your bacon?"

* * *

AT THE RACES.

FIRST SPORTING WAITER (*a loser*): Come down heah, Gawge 'Gustus, and do' yo' wuk'. Yo' do' nothin', yo' don't, and yo' blacker'n I am.

SECOND SPORTING WAITER (*a winner*): Don't know that, 'Dolphus Henry; it's 'bout a dead heat.

* * *

THE MIRROR correspondent in a certain city in Ohio finds fault with the love-making scenes of some of the members of the company now playing there.

He cynically observes: "Perhaps it is agreeable to the participants, but it makes the audience tired." When the osculation is bestowed on pouting lips, cherry ripe, it is calculated to make some of the ancients in the front rows envious as well as tired.

MR. CURRIER'S ATTRACTION.

C. W. Currier, who has made arrangements to assume the management of Jay Hunt next season, speaks in an enthusiastic strain of his prospective venture. The gist of his remarks, which were jotted down by a MIRROR reporter last Monday was as follows:

"For the past three seasons I have been the lessee and manager of the New Opera House at Amesbury, Mass. I am thoroughly familiar with the New England circuit, and am confident that Jay Hunt will prove a profitable star. This is his third annual tour on that circuit, and he has proved himself quite a favorite. Last year he appeared in two farcical comedies called My Best Girl and A Wild Goose Chase. This season he will add to his repertoire a sensational drama written by a Boston newspaper man. John S. Moulton, who formerly managed Mr. Hunt, has sold out his interest to me, together with a valuable stock of printing, which, by-the-bye, is all paid for."

"How about the company to support Mr. Hunt?"

"That is our principal business in New York at present. Mr. Hunt is engaging a strong company through the dramatic agencies. We shall resort to an entirely novel method of advertising our performances. Except in the larger towns, we, of course, play mostly at two and three night stands. I have secured the genuine town-crier of Newburyport, who is known by the name of Squarry, to go through the town with a big bell on the day of the performance, and proclaim in his quaint and unique style that Jay Hunt and his company will welcome theatregoers to the evening entertainment. His father and grandfather held the post of town-crier before him, and he is to be dressed in an old-fashioned blue coat with brass buttons. I tried him for a similar purpose at Amesbury last season, and it proved an excellent advertisement. I believe that Newburyport and Nantucket are the only places in New England that have not abolished the office of town-crier."

"Shall you visit New York in the course of the season?"

"Not professionally. We prefer the sure profits of the New England route to a metropolitan venture. Jay Hunt is not by any means unknown in New York. He has been a character actor since 1876, and after three seasons at the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre, appeared in the companies of Oliver Byron, Edward A. Sothern, Louis Harrison, Bartley Campbell, Daniel Sully and others. Before he undertook starring he was the stage manager and one of the principal comedians of the Kiralfy Brothers. So you see that he is not a jay actor despite his baptismal name. Our season will probably begin at the Amesbury Opera House on Sept. 2."

STROLLING HISTRIONS.

The Tragedians, a company of jolly players, headed by William J. Johnstone, who have taken possession of Ticonderoga, N. Y., opened their season on June 26, in the farce-comedies of Naval Engagements and Pure Milk. The company is composed of B. G. Rogers, of the Booth-Barrett company, Mary Timberman, May Frances Stetson, Joseph Ransome, Ed Vroom, David Rivers, J. D. Hallock and Ida Solteer. Fred Vroom and Gertrude Kellogg will join the organization later on, the latter appearing as Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrillies during the Summer. Beginning to-morrow (Thursday), the company will make excursions regularly every Thursday up Lake Champlain to Port Henry, giving a performance and returning by special steamer the same night. It is also intended to give performances at Plattsburg and Port Kent during the season.

Wm. Timberman, R. E. Keller, C. E.

THE ACTRESSES' CORNER.

"HARD TIMES."

The other day I had an attack of grumps. I poured forth complaints. I stated clearly, and substantiated my statement by reminiscent detail, that I had had in my life more hard times than was fair, and that it was about the date when it seemed to me better things should begin to come on my stage. I sniveled a few tears, and asked the unfortunate friend, who happened to be seeing me through my attack, if she didn't sympathise with me.

The old lady shook her head and smiled, as some old ladies can smile without making younger people foolish and ill tempered.

"Dearie," said she, "I think if you look over all the hard times you have had, you will make up your mind that, if you had your life to live over again, you would leave out none of them." I kicked about it then, but that night, when only I and the clock were astir, it began to come over me.

"Hard times." After all it seemed foolish to call anything hard that had been lived through; or to regret any hurt that was past.

Then I remembered the awful Summer when I had been ill. I was pretty poor the first year I went on the stage. I had health and spunk enough to wake up, I thought, so I scrambled along, going without fires and eating as little as possible, and, in my youthful enthusiasm, taking the hardest side of the board on principle.

The next year I had more money and more real work, and then came a chance to play an extra part—some terrific rehearsals—an impending doom of dire failure in a new play and, at the same time, a soul shattering chance of making a hit instead of cracking the doom—a lurid first night—the roar of the great house before the curtain went up—a glare of lights and then the plunge and the sound of your voice making the roots of your hair rustle with horror.

Then a blank with little calcium lit patches where poor me was doing it again in other scenes—then home with my chin in my hands and all weight of possibilities seized and killed in my grasp, crushing down on me.

Then coming to, next morning, and saying to myself that the critics evidently didn't know as much about acting as I did, but that I should never, never, never give it away how badly I had played, since they had not found it out, and forth with gaining courage thro' a week's run and losing strength just as fast, then a tumble over at the end and presto! the girl who had never been ill—beyond colic—is down with nervous prostration and goodness only knows what all beside.

Its a wonderful thing, being ill, being very near going off entirely. It occurred to me and the clock, as I remembered it all, that I would not give up the experience for a great deal.

Success, wealth, strength teach us how cruel the world is—its only when hard times come that we learn how kind it is.

When we can help ourselves, God pity us!—we have need to.

When our hand is helpless, and sickness, poverty and death sit with us, how strong arms and hearts rise up to fight our battle for us!

It is one thing to lift our heads and feel how good it is to stand alone—how good to be strong and need no help. It is another to lie so ill—so ill that we cannot lift our lids to meet the eyes we love, and feel that the best strength of all is that which comes in to us from others, and that it is good to have been taught how much, how humbly we need such strength.

It is one thing to laugh while our finger held to our wrist feels the strong blood quicken, to say "pouf! it all ends here! I shall do the best I can; but when my blood makes no more music there is an end and bah!—What does anything matter?"

It's another thing to lie alone from all the world, as only one near death can be alone—to see the pale dawn reach its gaunt hand through the window, and to wonder if when the fingers touch you, you can bear the cold—to realize in your fever-troubled brain that a new tide is coming in, and to wonder if this first wave that licks its chill length along the shore means death or a new day.

All night you have been drifting some where. You remember now, and everything had fallen into a sort of peace. You say to yourself that you have understood many things in that drifting time——and——and ——that you can only remember now that for a little space, you have seen the parts of many things which you could not see before, and that so, unfinished things—unsightly, strange, terrible and cruel things—had appeared beautiful and, because at last you saw them, all right and good. Then the day has begun and the pain again, and then the peace that follows, letting you laugh and say: "Ah, I have learned it at last! what it is to be happy. See, nurse, it is just to have no pain; just for one little moment to have no pain. That is to be happy!"

You grow so grateful for little things—why, a bird stops on the window sill, you the world is very good to you.

You look up into eyes you have known for years, and something goes through into your heart from them and you say: "Dear, I did not know you loved me so well—to have learned it is worth all the hurt and all the weary nights and days."

There are other times when you keep saying over and over to yourself: "when I get well, I must remember what pain is. I must remember how full of it the poor world is, and how hard, how hard it is to bear." A lesson worth learning after all.

You notice how so small a thing as a gentle hand laid on your forehead can make your day better; how the hours shorten because of the faces of the flowers on the table by your side; how the word brought to you that such a one is sorry you are ill; and such another called to ask if you were better and another writes "God bless you," makes you glad; and you say to yourself that when you are well again you will never be too busy to do such things for sick folk.

You have so much time, too! and so many a thing comes up in your heart, many a thing that in the haste and carelessness of your strong days long ago, you had not noticed or had misunderstood.

Out of your weakness and sore trial comes a new gentleness towards those you have found to blame in your life; in that one dark hour when the two worlds seemed to meet and when your hands had reached blindly through the dark and found no one, you had struggled to cry out that you forgave all—all and everyone—and your heart had been in sore trouble because you could not find the words to speak; it begins to come to you now that hurts don't matter much and that wrongs are, after all, rights—may be.

I laughed a little. That "hard time" was passed, but I would not have it blotted out of my life or out of my memory, and if I lived my life over again I should live that season of pain again, too.

The clock ticked backward once more.

Disappointments, failures, heartaches, dead broke times came back to me. Hard all of them had been!

I remembered awful times when things had seemed to come to a dead standstill, and other worse times when they had seemed to set up a mad and uncontrolable whirligig going, all over the place.

I had usually been to blame somehow, of course. I had never found that made the hard times any easier to get through, though.

I had sometimes endeavored to do right, and I remembered, grinning, that the times I had succeeded in doing right, I had found "reward" resulted with singular scarcity, and that the times I hadn't succeeded in doing right, I had got left with beautiful regularity.

Misfortune is a queer plant.

We may find the seed in our own hearts or borrow it from our neighbor's barn.

It may blow in from never a one knows where, be served with our daily bread, or drop at our feet from the hand of a friend.

It takes root anywhere and it thrives on tears.

It grows apace, and when we grasp it to tear it up the thorns cut deep.

If we sit still under it while it grows, it will spread above us so thick that the sun can't shine through, and we forget what color the sky is.

Its fruit is butter and its blossoms poison the air.

Cut it down, that's the only way, before it bears either.

Make of it a crutch to rest on, or a shield to wear the fight, or a spear to carry.

If there is stuff enough, split it into rails to fence about the place where hope grows, or make planks to bridge over the bad places you have yet to cross.

Experience makes a fine pave over such places, you know.

It is enough if hard times and misfortune yields us experience isn't it?

I haven't very much sense, I know, but I feel, looking back over the whole business, that what little I have, has been nearly all of it, pounded into me during hard times; what heart I have, was taught to beat thro' being jolly miserable, and what courage I have to face the future comes chiefly from being able to pull down my vest and say, "I've been thro' worse before and I guess I can stand this."

Here's to hard times! If I had to live my life over again, I would leave out none of them.

POLLY.

THE reported accident to Ex-President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson at Buzzard's Bay was a *canard*. Grover was the guest of Mr. Jefferson for a few days last week at the latter's place at Buzzard's Bay, and while driving with the two sons of his host from one trout pond to another, one horse had an attack of blind staggers. The men alighted and the driver caught the horse by the head, but he broke away and both animals ran some distance and smashed the carriage. Mr. Cleveland proceeded to another pond and the party arrived home with 250 fish, of which the Ex-President, with his usual luck, caught the most.

FROM AN ARTIST'S STANDPOINT.

LONDON, June 28, 1889.

After a weary tramp of many hours about the west end of London on a hot and dusty day, with my poor feet aching until I felt like a veritable cat on heated bricks, I brought up short in front of the Empire Theatre, on Leicester Square—that home of variety and the ballet. My thirst having been duly quenched—with lemonade, of course—I took my place in the first row of what I should call the pit; for when I wish to view scenery or the get-up generally, I take it from th at points. By the same rule, I always choose the back of the parquet in a New York theatre.

After sitting through a great deal of good, bad and indifferent singing and dancing and what was really a splendid acrobatic performance, we reached the first ballet, designated on the programme, Bal Masqué. This was simply a conglomeration of unmeaning dances backed by a view of what is supposed to be the interior of the Grand Opera at Paris, painted by Herr Kauski. The setting was not at all effective, and did not begin to compare with Irving's Corsican Brothers scene. It is weak, faulty in construction, and lacked those great essentials for stage effect—vastness and air. Besides, it is dull and dirty in color, and lacked strength and sharpness, particularly as real figures are used with it. The curtain came down without a hand and the audience seemed to vote the *bal masque* a bore.

More dances followed, and then came the event of the evening, the ballet called Cleopatra. It might just as well have been described as a female Jack Shepard, as one finds it rather difficult to reconcile one's self to Cleopatra in short skirts and pink tights. This is a spectacular ballet in three tableaux. The first tableau, painted by Ryan, is a Roman camp in Cilicia, Asia Minor. It is a pretty scene, but not in Ryan's happiest style, and does not compare with his grand and artistic efforts in the production of Antiope at the Alhambra last year. The principal effect is a transparent drop, a waterscape by sunset. This is well lighted, the sheen on the water bend, worked over the rich glow of light, with a blue ripple. The artists here do a great deal of transparent work, which, I must admit, is very effective. The rest of the scene is quite ordinary, consisting of a few cut date palms on the right hand, with dates and rocks on the left. A few Roman tents, with a rake running up the stage to water, completes the scene. The transparency was intended to carry it through, but its general framework, being stunted and weak, failed to operate. Hence, the scene became, in my opinion, common place.

It may be well, perhaps, to give some idea of the action of the ballet, so here is a sample. Enter Antony, with the avowed purpose of finding out how many soldiers he has at his command. After a great deal of dumb show to indicate that they are to screw up all the courage they possess to meet their Egytian foe, Antony slaps his breast and waves his hand to the army. The soldiers hold aloft their shiny swords, spears and pole-axes as a token that they are ready and willing for the fray. Antony and the grizzly old warrior, who looks, by-the-bye, something like a Roman ghost of Hamlet's father, step upon a stone about eight inches high and then the evolutions begin which consist of a well-arranged sword and buckler fight. This had a very *striking* effect! Then follows a grand march of Romans and Egyptians, all of which were well arranged and magnificently costumed. All this leads up to the entrance of Pharam, a Nubian slave, who grovels on the ground and presents a scroll to Antony. The latter reads (expressions of joy and dismay in dumb show), slaps his breast again, and so does grim warrior. *That* settles it. The slave, with a big property knife in his belt, smiles (*soft music*), after which, Cleopatra's barge glides, or, rather, waddles, on at back of stage. When scenic artists perpetrate anything Egyptian, they must always introduce that dear old barge. Have they not brains or imagination enough to design another that will answer its purpose? For, beautiful as it is, it has become altogether too familiar—even for antiquity.

Cleopatra, attended by slaves, priests and priestesses, looking lovely, steps out of the barge. Antony is charmed (so was I), the slave Pharam scowls, clutches his knife, but does nothing. The grim old warrior looks unhappy. Cleopatra executes some really graceful and beautiful postures, points her pretty toe, so does Antony. The consequence is a most beautiful executed *pas de fascination*. Antony recovers himself, which necessitates another slap. Cleopatra droops, so does Antony. Cleopatra, in despair, rushes into the barge and yearns, with outstretched hands, for Antony. This is more than he can stand, and he rushes up the gang plank into the arms of Cleopatra. The inevitable groan and squeak and off waddles the venerable barge. The colored gentleman grovels, and this settles Tableau I.

The second tableau represents the exterior of the Temple of Isis by moonlight, and although only a scene with an illuminated drop at back and cut drop in front, made quite a striking effect, having the advantage of coming directly after a hot sunset. The transparent drop in this scene was beautifully managed, the temple running in perspective from right to centre with its massive entrance looming up in the foreground. The detached portion of the temple, illuminated as from the inside, has a very pretty effect, placed against the rich and luminous sky. This, with a glimpse of a spangled ripple thro' the foliage made Winter a charming picture. The front drop on the left represented a huge golden idol, backed as a foil by a dark blue drapery, with a massive group of columns running out of sight. This pretty scene was painted by Mr. Caney.

Tableau third and last is the interior of Cleopatra's Palace. This would have been a good scene, if properly handled, but its general squattiness, weak color, and in many cases bad drawing, establish, I think, at once the fact that Mr. Emden never touched it. I am grieved to say that the same pernicious factory system that is ruining scenic art in America has crept into London. There is but one specimen of real, solid and conscientious painting here, and that is to be seen at Irving's Theatre, principally from the brush of Mr. Hawes Craven. The rest are running to seed—but of this hereafter.

A large flight of steps runs from left and partly down right, with a something at the foot of it, which I presume was intended to represent a sphinx, but looked like a half-starved dog. The only really pretty bits that looked like Emden's work were the three tableaux. One is what appears to be a Bacchanalian group; the second Cleopatra's tomb, with Cleopatra lying on a couch, holding the fatal worm of Nile; the third Cleopatra's death foreshadowed. Death hurling his shaft at Cleopatra. These were all exceedingly beautiful pictures, strong and rich in color, well lighted, and consequently they weakened the rest of the scene.

The general action of this third tableau was a mere series of pantomimic action and effective dances; one feature, the realization of an Egyptian feast where the sturdy Nubian slaves are dragging the family mummy before the assembled guests (as a warning I presume of the inevitable time to come) together with a fine display of farcical business by the Nubian party with a grand tableau, brought the ballet of Cleopatra to an end.

RICHARD MARSTON.

MR. NOBLES' "SHOP TALK."

Milton Nobles' volume of stage stories, anecdotes of the theatre, character sketches and reminiscences will be placed on the bookstands this week. It is published under the title of "Milton Nobles' Shop Talk."

Members of the profession and others familiar with stage matters need not be assured that the little volume is bright and original, with many flashes of wit and exquisite touches of pathos, for Mr. Nobles easily takes place in the front rank of contemporaneous actors who write for the press. The general reader who expects to find in this volume anything approaching scandal, "spice" or personality will be disappointed. Mr. Nobles is a humorist, but his humor is of the wholesome kind. This volume will undoubtedly have a large sale among professionals, for, aside from the conceded merits of the work, the author, both as an actor and a man, is held in high esteem by the rank and file of the profession.

Many of the selections have appeared during past years in special editions of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, where they were widely read and greatly admired. Among those we note "George," the story of a vagabond dog, which was among the best contributions to the Christmas MIRROR for 1887. "The Isaacs-Crummells Boom," a humorous satire on queer "society" stars and "fresh" agents, which appeared in the Midsummer MIRROR some eight years ago, and made a genuine sensation, is reproduced with humorous illustrations. "The Palmy Day Tragedian" is also here. These papers have been widely copied and pleasantly commented upon since their original appearance in THE MIRROR and have proably done more to bring Mr. Nobles before the general public as a writer for the press than any of his previous efforts.

There are two excellent character sketches: Penalty Bloggs and Sary, taken from, etc. There is "a running conversation" between a comedian and a brakeman which contains many bright things. "Yorick's Skull" and "Hard Times" are capital transcriptions of personal experiences and adventures in early day Rocky Mountain theatricals. Mr. Nobles also takes occasion to tell the story of the birth and growth of the famous gag line, "And the Villain Still Pursued Her." There are many short stage anecdotes and some pleasant reminiscences under the caption of "Flotsam and Jetsam."

The volume contains over two hundred pages, and not a page that is dry or uninteresting. It will undoubtedly find an abundance of favor both in and out of the profession.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

LONDON, June 27, 1889.

Fashionable London is sweltering—and, so far at least as its male half is concerned, probably swearing also—under the combined effects of intense heat and an exceptionally "brilliant" season. The upper ten thousand take their pleasure laboriously as is their wont, and the lower four millions or so continue to peg away just as laboriously at their business, if they have business to do, which, alas! is but too often not the case among those who can least afford to do without.

* * *

Meanwhile, the business of pleasure goes merrily on all the same, and balls and routs and concerts and grand dinners succeed one another with monotonous persistency. There seems to be a rare lot of spending money about just now, and if those who neither toil nor spin have, as usual, the chief handling of it, there is yet some crumb of comfort in the thought that the spinners and toilers must indirectly be benefited.

* * *

As might be expected under existing atmospheric conditions, the playhouses are not doing wonders. Of the two operas, the Covent Garden enterprise from time to time puts forth unmistakable signs of vitality; but the Mapleson spec at Her Majesty's is down in the dumps. Bad business is the rule at the other theatres, the exception being on special occasions such as those detailed below.

* * *

Notwithstanding the altitude of the thermometer, your industrious Gawain has (with short, sharp intervals for refreshment in the way of food and fresh air) lived considerably in the playhouse since the last time of mailing. On Friday last, I dutifully attended the Gaiety, where was played, for the first time during the present French play season, Le Maitre de Forges. A week or two before when this piece was announced, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who hold all rights, would not permit the performance, but anon (owing, I am credibly informed, to the payment of £10—fifty dollars) they graciously relented, and so the graceful Jane Hading was allowed to appear as Claire, one of her best impersonations. The prohibition and the paragraphing thereof had caused a large audience to assemble, the largest, perhaps, that the Gaiety has seen during the Coquelin-Hading season. The French company has now departed, and the Gaiety's own burlesque comes back from the Globe with Faust Up to Date, on Saturday night.

* * *

On Saturday night at the Lyceum, a big benefit was given to the Actors' Benevolent Fund when Irving and company played The Bells, and Toole brought himself and company from his little theatre higher up the street and appeared in the good old farce, Domestic Economy. The performance resulted in £450 ($2,250) being added to the A. B. F.'s coffers. Also on Saturday, the Shaughraun was successfully revived at the Adelphi. In this Mr. Terriss appeared as Capt. Molyneux of which he was the original representative on this side fourteen years ago, H. J. Montague being the original representattve in America a little while before that. The part is not worthy of Terriss' present power, but he plays it with all care and diligence nevertheless. J. L. Shine was popular as Conn, although he lacked the unctuousness imparted to it by the great Dion. Robert Pateman was a striking Harvey Duff, though now and again extravagant. J. D. Beveridge, Mrs. John Carter and Miss Millward made the next best scoring, and the clever drama was warmly received.

* * *

On Tuesday afternoon there bobbed up a couple of new plays for sampling. No. 1 was tried at the Strand and was a drama called Faustine's Love. This had been adapted by Walter Stanhope from a story by "Rita" otherwise Mrs. Booth, a writer in several London periodicals. It was a strange piece, one of the strangest ever seen. Faustine was a beautiful and popular actress, who, to use her own words "lured men to destruction without a pang." She was also the daughter of a terrible Romish priest named Perè Jerome, who was a caution to snakes. During the long, long proceedings that ensued Jerome, devoured by a desire for a Cardinal's hat, went about seducing nuns, abducting two heiresses (twins), giving orders for the prompt assassination of the twins' guardians', one of whom was Faustine's Love, a fine young fellow, who for her sake abjured his faith over to Rome, both theologically and literally. Crime on crime did Jerome commit, even to involving Faustine's love in a deadly duel with Faustine's second husband, while he led poor Faustine a devil of a life, and made her do all sorts of dreadful deeds merely by the power of his basilisk eye. But, mark you, just as Jerome had gained his cardinal's hat and went walking about the woods in it, the Yankee brother of one of the nuns the Perè had seduced, popped in and stabbed the wicked priest to the heart, and then coolly proceeded to act as second to both the duellists. When the duel commenced, Faustine's love's antagonist fired, when Faustine, to save her love's life, intervened, as many heroines have done before, and receiving the shot herself, died to slow music. Faustine was played by Alma Stanley, who has been scoring of late in comedy, but she was not up to much in this—and no wonder. Hilarity ruled lively during the afternoon.

* * *

The other matinee on Tuesday, was at the Prince of Wales,' which was crowded for the benefit of The Women's Help Society. The programme provided consisted of three items, viz: A new play in three acts, entitled A Man's Love, a burlesque monologue called Twenty Minutes with Science, and that pretty little operetta Locked In. The new play had been adapted from the Dutch by J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis. It is unhealthy, and it caused the air inside the theatre to be more sultry than that outside but it seemed to find much favor with the ladies present. Frank Upworth, a barrister, has married Georgiana Marley, who loves him better than anything except her child. Upworth, however, has become tired of her and loves her sister Emily. Emily is also violently in love with him but has too much respect for her sister—not to mention Mrs. Grundy—to overstep the bounds of propriety. Upworth finding Emily will not respond to his affection is about to blow out his brains when she stops him and consents to anything he will so long as he does not kill himself. Upworth, however, is brought to his senses by the dangerous illness of his child and the love of his wife. Emily then departs for America and the curtain comes down.

* * *

Mary Rorke as the gentle, loving wife was delightful. Leonard Boyne and Gertrude Kingston as the husband and sister respectfully, acted with considerable intensity and made a lot out of their disagreable parts. At the conclusion the adaptors were called before the curtain and had a flattering reception. The other items were trifles, Charles Collette caused roars of laughter in the burlesque lecture. The operetta was delightfuily played and sung by Jessie Bond who was ably assisted by Miss Hervey and W. H. Denny.

* * *

Last Friday night we had a sensation of a very painful nature. George Letine, a trick bicycle rider of some repute, was stabbed to death as he came out of the stage door at the Canterbury Palace of Varieties—the best of our transpontine music halls. The assassin was an elderly man named Currah, whose young daughter had been an apprentice of Latine's, and had come home from her apprenticeship to die of consumption in her father's house. Rightly or wrongly, Currah attributed his daughter's death to overwork and ill-treatment at the hands of Latine, and the old man seems to have brooded and brooded over his real or fancied wrongs until he lost his reason. Everything goes to show that his revenge was carefully premeditated, and after he had stabbed his victim he endeavored to take his own life with a revolver. The bullet, however, merely broke his jaw, and at present there seems a good chance that he will live. That Currah is insane is generally admitted, and many people have come forward to say that Latine was really a good fellow, and that both he and his wife treated their poor little apprentice kindly. It is, indeed, a sad story all round. As, however, the tragedy has furnished the irrepressible John Hollingshead with yet another opportunity of advertising himself by means of letters to the daily papers. I suppose it will be conceded that poor Latine has not died in vain.

* * *

Marie Tempest, the heroine of the recent divorce case, Izard vs. Izard and Leslie, went into the Lyric bill on Saturday night and played Doris in place of its original representative, Annie Albre. Marie was, as might be expected, very nervous, but, barring a few foolish hisses, she was received with every token of forgiveness.—On Tuesday night Willie Edouin put on at the Opera Comique Our Flat, the piece recently received with success at a Prince of Wales' matinee. It is to be hoped that Willie will meet with better luck than he has had in his previous managerial ventures, but if record goes for anything, he has gone to the wrong house for the purpose.—To-morrow (Friday) afternoon Miss Chapin (said to be of America) will play a, said to be, new play called Virginia at the Globe.—On Saturday night your Miss Kate Forsyth will produce, at the Comedy, Ramsey Morris' play The Tigress. In this I find the dramatis personæ respectively described as "A passing meteor," "An every day specimen," "A product of Paris," "The sensation of the hour," "A man with a will," "A man without a will," "A modern Mephistopheles," "A reigning queen" and "A woman branded," all of which is novel, to say the least of it.

GAWAIN.

BUSINESS last week at the Broadway Theatre was phenomenal for the season of the year, and Francis Wilson in The Oolah, will continue to be the attraction all the Summer.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Did you ever start out to buy a purse? It sounds like the easiest thing in the world to do, and it's one of the most difficult. You have had silver purses that were lost with a promptitude that surprised you. You have had so-called coin purses in which you could never find the coin, and a bank note had to be folded up to the size of a postage stamp to enter therein. You have had large impressive wallets mounted in silver, almost the size of a portmanteau, that became a nuisance to everybody because they wouldn't go in pockets—they were apt to be left in the theatre, and a great deal of your best young man's time was devoted in hunting them up.

At the time that you set out in a search for a purse you are carrying a rusty leather one with its clasp broken and a rubber band round it. You know just what kind of a purse you want—leather, dark, no silver about it, a pocket for coin, a place for your visiting cards and room enough to put the other little things that you like to carry around with you.

After you have refused the wallets and the silver purses, you are sniffed at by the young woman, from behind the counter, who thinks it's the price you object to; then you are scorned to such a degree that you leave the shop entirely and wonder if you hadn't better go without a purse all Summer. You visit two or three other shops and the result is pretty much the same, but at last you land somewhere where a man waits on you, a man who understands very quickly what you want and tries to please you. One purse has a good catch, but isn't big enough to hold your cards. The one big enough to hold your cards hasn't a coin pocket, and one beauty that seems to combine everything and which you seize with delight has no clasp, and you know that this means the shedding of your ducats over the street car. But at last the patient man finds for you a nice, quakerish looking purse of grey leather that combines all virtues in one, and you proceed to empty the old into the new. You look up once or twice to see if the shopkeeper is smiling; but this is evidently not a new experience to him, for there is no more expression on his face than there is on Lawrence Barrett's. Your coins are safely put where they should be, and so are your banknotes; then comes the hairpin for buttoning your gloves; then two postage stamps with no sticky stuff on them; then several newspaper clippings which describe you as a young and rising society actress; then two dressmakers' addresses; then a recipe for making the hair grow and another one to develop the bust, while wrapped up in silver paper is your lucky penny and a Chinese coin you picked up in San Francisco.

But you've got your purse and you are a happy woman. Just be careful during the Summer not to spend the lucky penny, and next Winter there may be in it a paragraph describing you as the risen society actress.

† † †

Don't do it. The way a woman's age can be told is the stringy look that will come in her neck and the wearing a bodice cut down at the throat with a huge toby frill enframing, only announces to the world-at-large that you're past the mystic age of thirty, and it is your neck that is proclaiming it. That's one thing that tells on Madame Bernhardt. No matter how young she may look in other respects, the tell-tale cords stand out strongly, especially just near the ear.

† † †

I cannot think The Burglar will be a success. The little one-act play in which Sothern and Archer and that clever child Elsie Leslie acted, was most delightful, but it was like a perfect etching; the strokes laid on clearly, and all as definite as possible. But I cannot believe an etching can be successfully spread out into a huge oil painting, or worse still, a chromo. Neither can I bear to think the comedy element in the person of Mr. Sidney Drew can be anything but vulgarizing in the sweet, sentimental story. The one-act edition told all that was necessary, and the strength of the two men as emphasized by the sweetness of the little child, made a story more powerful than would any into which the feminine element in the shape of a woman enters.

† † †

There are no people in the world who are asked to do as much for nothing as the theatrical folk, and those who earn their living by the sweat of their pens. Shall I, because a pleasant woman asks me, write a flattering notice of a tiresome book? And yet I am dubbed as cruel, and having no sympathy with a working-woman if I refuse to do it. Shall I, because a play, and a very bad one, is written by a friend, praise it to the skies? Or shall I say that the girl who once went to school with me, and who is now singing in comic opera, has the *chic* of Théo, the voice of Patti, the beauty of Lillian Russell, and the fetching manner of Marie Jansen?

I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall only reflect the truth, but the coolness with which one is called to perjure one's self is so massive, that the icebergs knocking about loose and bringing destruction to the steamships, are as nothing to it. The Eiffel Tower comes near to it, but doesn't quite reach it in its height of impudence.

† † †

The variety actor owns the town. With his smooth-shaven face, his light plaid suit, and his tan-colored shoes, he is monarch of all he surveys.

He looks much tougher than he is, for life to him is not such a bed of roses and the vacation really means great pleasure. Before him he sees visions of a dip in the ocean, a dinner at Manhattan Beach, and all this pleasure is shared by his sweetheart. More than any other does the variety actor seem to be the prey of the singing soubrette, and he spends his money, as long as it lasts, in providing her with whatever her greedy little soul may desire. She doesn't yearn for *edition de luxes* of Shakespeare—in fact she has little respect for Billy; but a lace hat with a wreath of yellow roses about it, a cotton frock elaborately trimmed with embroidery, and a pair of undressed kid shoes, bring unalloyed happiness to her. When she starts out for the good time she looks as pretty as a peach, and as for him he is swelling with pride in her personal appearance, just in the same way that the cock does when the hen lays an egg.

The bath is a success, the dinner is another, and walking on the sand is most delightful of all. Coming home on the train he's as merry as only such a light-hearted creature can be, and he is willing to sing anything, from the story of his owing ten dollars to O'Grady to the full history of the fifteen dollars that reposes in his inside pocket, while Maud, with her head on his shoulder, will join in the chorus in a sweet, if somewhat shrill, voice.

I'll tell what is so beautiful about them. They are having a good time in their own way, and without caring one particle what anybody thinks about them. They are not doing anything wrong, and as long as Maud doesn't put her head on anybody else's shoulder but that of the only and great Irish comedian, there is no reason in the world why she shouldn't do it when she is tired. She isn't a bit afraid that there will be a notice of it in some of the weekly papers, and the only Irish comedian, God bless him! would smash the editor into smithereens if he found him attacking the honor of any woman, sir, who was under his protection.

All this was coming up from Manhattan Beach, and is absolutely true as

A REFLECTION.

LETTER LIST.

The following letters await their owners at this office. They will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application. Letters advertised for 30 days and uncalled for will be returned to the post-office. Circulars and newspapers excluded from this list

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Boucher, Robert	Kendrick, F. W.	Sullivan, F.
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Cook, Augustus	Keene, Thomas	Stowe, Emily
Clark, Harry Corson	Kent, F. L.	Solomon, I. A.
Coulter, F.	Kennedy, Harry	Shaw, Alice
Clarges, Verner	Key, J. Barton	Stanley, Charles
Childs, Nat	Kendall, Ezra	Shaw, May
Cook, E. W.	Kahn, G.	Salisbury's Troubadours,
Chandrau, Henry "Carpenter."	Kouth, Richard	Stewart, H.
Cross, F. J.	Kent, Charles	Smith, Arden
Chapman, H. G.	Leon, H.	Sparks, John G.
Curran, Thos.	Lawrence, Atkins	Stone, S. G.
Crabtree, Mrs.	Lenoir, Geo.	Strakosch, Ed. H.
Coberly, S. S.	Lawrence, F. G. H.	Sweeney, Thos.
Campbell, J. W.	Lee, Lillian	Staley, G. C.
Carroll, J. W.	Leighton, Fannie B.	Sallie, Ida F.
Clarke, Harry C.	Lewis, H. C.	Sydney, G. S.
Campbell, Grosse	Lash, Geo. C.	Sneider, E. J.
Clarke, Redfield	Mgr. Jennie Calef	Salisbury, Elias
Clement, Clay	Mc Nish, Mr.	Shepard, Inez
Cox, Samuel P.	Miller, Regina	Starr, E. D.
Cooke, J. M.	Maxwell, Mary	Swanson, C. S.
Duffy, William J.	Manchester, Rube	Slater, J.
Dutton, Marie	Main, W. D.	St. Quinten, Miss
Dodson, Ed. C.	Maxwell, Leonard	Stephens, W.
Daniels, C. W.	Mattox, J. S.	Tannehill, Ed.
Daly Sisters, Mgr.	Murphy, Joseph	Tate, Beatrice
Davenport, Mrs. E. L.	Melville, G. D.	Templeton, J.
Davis, W. B.	Mayo, F. F.	Thomas, George F.
Daily, F. F.	Mac Collin Op. Co.	Tothill, Ben
Degree, Henry	Mayo, F.	Thorne, Edwin
Davis, Kittie	Main, Geo. C.	Vokes, Rosina
Dauvray, Helen	McCormack, London	Vanderbilt, E. S.
Dainty, Laura	Mayer, Marcus	Vogel, S. W.
Dunn, Wm. J.	Mitchell, Maggie	Van Loan, Caprice
DeMille, S. C.	McAuley, Mrs.	White, Lavinia
Dood, Philo F.	McDowell, E. A.	Walsh, Katie
Dudley, Sam	Moulton, Gus	Wilson, Annie
Delham, Wm.	Mgr. "Happy Cal Wagner"	Ward, Fred.
Daly, W. C.	Marion, Wm. S.	Weston, F.
Dauvray, Helen (Manager)	Margaret Matherson	Williams, Ada
Elmore, Florence	Marlowe, Julia	Warner, J. E.
Eddings, Col.	Mgr. Siberia	Wessel, Geo.
Ebsler, Effie	McNeil, Jas.	Worth, Florence
Evans, Jack	Murphy, C. T.	Williams, Harry
Evans, Albert	Morrison, Louis	Wilkinson, J. G.
Eyre, Sophie	Marden, A.	Wallace, Prof. H. A.
Elliott, Wm.	Mortimer, Estelle	Williams, John
Emmet, J. K.	Mannoy, Ida	Williams, Barney
Foster, Florence	Moore, Eugene	Wallick, Jas. H.
Fisher, Paul C.	Marriott, Chas.	Wallace, Ethel
Fleming, Carroll	Mortimer, Chas.	Whitney, W. A.
Forman and Morton	Marble, Ed.	Wallis, W. H.
Fischer, P. D.	McFarland, E. A.	Wilson, E. D.
Field, A. G.	Mundis, Marion	Yardley, Wm.
Fiske, Mary D.	Moss, Walter S.	Youngs, E. E.
		Zellow, C. B.

STAGE STORIES.

THE CASE OF PHILIP QUIDGEON.

BY HELEN LEAVENWORTH.

It was about a week before Christmas that Jim Rogers and I came down to New York from Cambridge. We took a fast express. There were but four persons in the car. Our fellow-travellers were strangers to us but, in some way or other, we all became engaged in conversation. The talk turned on spiritualism, which Rogers declared to be the manifestation of will on the imagination. To support his theory, he regaled us with a long speech that was funny because of its absurdity. Out of pure kindness, I interrupted him and began relating some anecdotes of mental and physical peculiarities.

The strangers appeared to be deeply interested. Finally, one of them whispered to his companion, who nodded his head in an affirmative manner. The elder of the two men turned to me and said he had a little story to relate which might prove entertaining. Jim and I, of course, said we would listen to it with pleasure.

The narrator introduced himself as a New Yorker by birth, and a cosmopolitan by breeding. He was a tall, stout man of about fifty. He had gray hair and a smooth, unwrinkled face. He began:

"In one of the dirtiest and gloomiest streets of New York, there stood a small and dingy bookshop. Street, did I say? No. It was unworthy the name. The dark alley was a stranger to pavement, and but one gas lamp shed its light on the surrounding filth and squalor. Its inhabitants were possessed of a distinct individuality. They were never to be mistaken for the refined residents of Fifth Avenue; they were devoid of the blackguard aggressiveness of the Bowery; they had not caught the busy air of Broadway, or the quiet respectability of the side streets. They were—*alleyites!* 'Tag-Rag Alley' exists to-day. It is as dirty, as narrow, and quite as gloomy as ever. A strange casket for a gem! Yet the little bookshop was a 'pearl of great price'—a very shop of shops. Philip Quidgeon came to live in the alley fifteen years ago. He was a bookworm, a dreamer and an enthusiast. He was fifty years old and a bachelor. Yet he had a boy with him—a bright, manly little fellow, the child of a dead sister. Little Rex Russell puzzled the alleyites, he was so unlike the other children in the place. He was by no means a little angel or even a model boy. He was mischievous and sometimes quite naughty. But he had a frank, happy face and cheerful ways which won him many friends. Everyone liked him, forgave him his wild pranks, petted him and watched his growth from boyhood to man's estate with a feeling of personal pride and interest.

"Margaret Heath, a pale, pretty sewing-girl, who was a recent comer to the alley, fell in love with Rex the first time she saw him. He was then about seventeen, and she was a year older. They met every day and exchanged a word or two of greeting. But such was the innocence of these two young hearts that neither realized its feeling for the other.

"Meanwhile Philip Quidgeon slaved and toiled all day and half the night. From nine in the morning until nine in the evening, he sat behind the counter in his store, waiting on customers. Despite its out-of-the-way situation and its unpleasant surroundings, the shop was a favorite with book-lovers. Indeed, the place was a little Paradise for the earnest bibliophile. Rex was the old man's idol. Ever since Philip had lived in 'Tag-Rag Alley' he had been laying aside money for the boy. When Rex was twenty—Margaret—twenty-one, Philip was becoming feeble. His sedentary life and long hours of work had weakened him, physically and mentally. One day Rex came to Quidgeon—"Old Quidgeon" they called him now—and told him all the hopes and dreams that stirred his soul. Quidgeon listened—at first with a heavy heart and a sinking feeling of hopelessness. He could not bear to think that his beloved Rex would leave him alone. He begged for time to think over matters before he gave his consent to the marriage. That night, long after Rex was sound asleep, Philip Quidgeon sat poring over a closely written manuscript. A wild light shone in his watery grey eyes; his thin, bony fingers toyed restlessly with the pages before him."

As the stranger paused for a moment in his narrative, his fingers—which I was sure were short and plump—worked uneasily with a handkerchief he held, and as I watched them, the flesh seemed to contract while the bones became more prominent. I could see "Philip Quidgeon's" hands before me. Our chance acquaintance seemed to merge his individuality into that of his hero.

"The old shop-keeper chuckled from time to time, his lips twitched nervously, sometimes a stray page would fall to the ground, and then with the agility of a young man, Quidgeon would leap from his high stool, clutch his precious manuscript and replace it with the rest of the role. Finally, with a weary sigh, he arose from his seat and went to bed. The next day his manner toward Rex was changed. He urged the young man to marry Margaret as soon as possible. He encouraged him in everything regarding his love affair. He gave his happy nephew a sum of money, not only sufficient for the expenses of the wedding, but also enabling the astonished couple to set up house-keeping. At the same time 'Old Quidgeon' begged Rex to continue living with him, and to this—after a consultation with Margaret—Russell consented. New windows were put in the book-shop and in the rooms above; the walls were papered, the floors were carpeted. Margaret thought her new home beautiful; her life seemed a dream of unalloyed delight. Meanwhile, her womanly ways added much to the comfort of the two men. She mended their clothes and cooked their meals, finding in her work a pleasure only to be had in the service of love. Philip Quidgeon became younger every day, for Margaret coaxed him to take a walk each morning. He seemed better than he had been for years. His eyes were brighter, his cheeks took on a pale glow and his step was brisk and steady. Margaret kept on in her good work by inciting Rex to abandon his lazy life and to get a position in some growing concern where there would be a prospect of advancement. In the window over the book-shop the young wife placed a lot of growing plants. Thus by unfelt touches here and there she made what had been a living place—a home. One day a new arrival made his appearance in the alley. The stranger was somewhat red in the face, very bald and inclined to be noisy, but he was accorded a hearty welcome, and his advent was marked with rejoicing. It was a great day for the Alley when that baby came. 'Old Quidgeon' could not conceal his delight over the new arrival. The old man went around rubbing the palms of his hands together, smiling to himself, and all the time the queer light shone in his eyes—the light that had never grown dim since the day he first heard of Rex's intended marriage. One bright day Margaret felt unusually well. She was sitting up, in a rocking-chair, by the window, and her sweet face rivaled in beauty the flowers on the sill. The baby was asleep in its dainty cradle. The sunlight paled and finally was merged into twilight's grey. Margaret's hands were folded; she had fallen asleep. The door slowly opened and Philip Quidgeon entered. He walked softly across the room and bent over Rex's child. He carried something sharp and bright in his hands. He drew closer to the baby—closer—closer! The little one turned uneasily and cried faintly in its sleep. The sound awoke Margaret. She looked at the crade, and in one moment realized the truth. Philip Quidgeon was mad! He was trying to kill her child. Horror-struck, she could not utter a sound, but suddenly endowed with almost superhuman strength, she sprang from her chair to the cradle, and the knife that the maniac held sank into her heart. She fell to the floor—dead.

* * * * * *

"Ten minutes later Rex came home from business, hurried upstairs to greet his wife, opened the door of their room and beheld the scene of horror, Margaret, white—cold and dead, lying upon the floor, and Philip Quidgeon standing by the baby, his ugly face and bony form giving him the aspect of a spectre. His gray hair fell in ringlets on his shoulders; his eyes glared like balls of flame, and his thin, nervous lips were pressed to the baby's heart. Oh, so close! What was he doing? Sucking the blood of the child in the hope of obtaining new life and vigor! Rex was overcome with horror. Suddenly Quidgeon turned, saw his nephew, and with the cunning of madness, realized that he must escape from the young man's rage. He kept his wild eyes turned on Rex, and then slowly sank to the floor. He made his way across the room and despite his position, he managed to keep his eyes fixed on those of Rex, thus maintaining his mesmeric power. Finally the door was reached. In the hundredth part of a second, Philip sprang from his prostrate position and bounded past his nephew, into the hall, down the stairs and then—dashing madly through 'Tag-Rag Alley'—reached Broadway. He disappeared in the crowd and was never seen or heard of again. Rex Russell left New York. He sought to drown his sorrow in drink. He died in a fit of delirium, calling on Margaret to save him from the fire that was consuming him and then, again, screaming that some one was sucking his heart's blood." As the stranger ended his story, a hollow voice from the empty end of the car called out in sepulchral tones:

"Philip Quidgeon is here—you are the murderer!"

"By Jove, so it is!" cried Rogers.

I looked at the fiend who had just thrilled me with his horrible relation. He was short, thin, bony and wrinkled. His eyes were pale and watery; at the same time they shone with a fierce and flaming light. His lips were thin and bloodless. As the mysterious voice pronounced the accusation against him, he appeared transfixed with horror. Spurred by one thought, Jim and I sprung at the madman, for we were assured of his identity with Philip Quidgeon, and we were determined to secure him. But he divined our intention and slipped to the floor. His flesh assumed a horrible rigidity, his eyes were fastened on ours, and he writhed along the aisle of the car till he reached the door. Meanwhile Jim and I were so fascinated by the unearthly movement and magnetic gaze of this strange being that we found we could not move or speak. Just as the creature reached the door he arose. His body filled out, his eyes became quiet—they even twinkled with an amused light. He was again a tall, stout man; his face was once more smooth, his lips full and red, his body pliable. With an air of inimitable grace he bowed to us and disappeared—into the smoking-car. His silent companion, whom we had almost forgotten, now arose and was about to follow his friend, when Jim caught him by the arm.

"Tell me," he cried, in a hoarse, terrified voice; "what is that—that—man?"

The silent one smiled and said, "The gentleman who has just disappeared is F——, the celebrated contortionist."

"And you—?"

"I am H—— the ventriloquist. F—— and I, are on our way to New York to fill an engagement for Christmas week."

And he too, disappeared.

THE PALMY DAY TRAGEDIAN.

"Ye fakes and freaks I'm with ye once again," said the tragedian, cordially grasping the outstretched hands of the fat comedian and the man with asthma.

"Did you mean us, or was that merely a figure of speech?" asked the comedian.

"I did but jest, mine old trick of speech still abides with me."

"May it ever do so; without it you would not be yourself, and being other than you are, we could not love you as we do." said the tall man.

The tragedian pressed the hand of his old companion warmly, but said nothing.

"How well you're looking," said the fat comedian. "I declare you look ten years younger than when we parted last August."

"You would not flatter a poor citizen?"

"Indeed I flatter not," said the comedian promptly recognizing his cue.

"It is not strange, fortune in the interior of our sequestration hath smiled upon me."

Both the comedian and the man with asthma expressed themselves as delighted.

"But," continued the tragedian, "I have missed your familiar faces in the old haunts. I have been a month upon the Rialto without meeting you."

"During the month," said the tall man, "we have been experimenting on the New Jersey and Connecticut dog. An old acquaintance who felt sure that he had a fortune in a new drama, wanted us to 'create' the comedy parts while he did the heavy lead."

"And the tour was not financially successful?"

"Well; not exactly."

"We'd have been all right if Frank had stuck to Harlem, or South Norwalk, or Elizabeth, for they are reasonably adjacent, but on the second night in Newark the house picked up $3.75, and in a wild burst of confidence the 'backer' rushed us way out to Lancaster, and for a snap of that kind Lancaster was no joking matter."

"No," chimed in the comedian, "it was a walking matter; and that's how you missed us. We are now both entered for the long distance match on the 5 A's next field day."

"We were very anxious," resumed the tall man, "to get back in time to attend the Fund meeting."

"We could have made it all right," said the fat man, "only that the trains run so thick on the Penn, and as they all had the right of way of course we were delayed."

"Too bad! Too bad!" sighed the tragedian. "However, the boys got along very nicely without you."

"So I'm told. You were present, I suppose?"

"I am proud to say that I attended the memorable meeting," said the tragedian. "I say memorable for the reason that it marks the period where the actor ceased to be a lay-figure in the government of the Fund, which he, in a large measure, created and maintains."

"Well, I'm glad there's a change, on principle," said the comedian. "The cut-and-dried programmes, where the candidates nominate themselves and the actor furnishes the enthusiasm were becoming somewhat monotonous. I've no particular fault to find with anybody, but life is short, and actors like other folks, need change. I know I do; and I never needed it more than now."

The comedian got a smile from the tragedian and a laugh from the man with asthma, which did him as much good as a night's salary.

"Managers," said the tragedian, "have always maintained that actors were never business men, and should not be employed in business capacities. In a measure I believe the judgment to be correct, but only in a measure. As a rule, the actor with the purely artistic temperament would not be successful as a man of affairs. But all actors have not the artistic temperament; indeed, many excellent and many eminent players are not so endowed; but even were they so, the rule, like all other rules, has notable exceptions. Let us hope that Sanger, Aldrich, Wheelock, Hopper, *et. al.*, may prove distinguished exceptions, and so do us and themselves honor."

"Hear! hear!" shouted the comedian.

"But," continued the tragedian, checking the exuberant fat man, "let us always remember that our noble Fund is a charity; a charity for all, with malice toward none."

"You missed something worth seeing," said the man with the duster, "by running your season so late. We shall never see another such a centennial."

"Probably not," acquiesced the tragedian.

"Yes," said the fat comedian, "the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina were both here."

The tragedian looked at the comedian, and the latter scratched his fat chin and gazed thoughtfully at the basement stairway.

"To return once more to the Fund," said the tragedian, a few moments later, gracefully wiping his neatly-trimmed moustache, "there is one young man, not an actor but a journalist who, with justice, might almost be called the father of the Actors' Fund. I am glad to see that he has been placed in a position where he can at least have a vote in the management of its affairs. It is an evidence that we are not ungrateful."

"You heard the speaking at Palmer's in the afternoon, I suppose?"

"I did. The Hon. Chauncey did himself and us great honor. The fact that so eminent and so busy a man as Depew gave us a half day of his valuable time, to say nothing of the scintillations of his bright mind, was indeed a compliment, and I think we made him feel that we appreciated it. The eloquent Daniel Dougherty was never more eloquent. He said nothing very original and nothing very new; it was the manner more than the matter, and the man more than either. The noble presence, the genial face, the winning, musical voice, changing with each passing emotion, and above all the manifest sincerity of the man; these were the qualities that held us in his spell. These are the qualities that in an orator or a clergyman we call magnetism; in an actor it is sometimes called genius. "In the gross and scope of *mine* opinion, it is *heart* and *soul*, briefly *sincerity*. 'The damned inequality in the lot of man,' as Schiller puts it, was noticeable here. That inequal distribution of heart and brain. In no walk of life is it more noticable than in our own, although its effects are to be observed in all of the intellectual pursuits. The man of heart and sincerity will move and sway his listeners by the mere presence of those qualities, while the man in whom the brain predominates may through tedious hours command your respectful attention, but he will never touch your sympathy, arouse your enthusiasm, or wring your soul. And by a strange fatality, the man to whom God has denied the exquisite sway of heart, emotion, sincerity or soul will not admit their existence. He has never felt them, hence there is no such thing. 'Do you see nothing there?' asked Hamlet, pointing at his father's ghost. 'Nothing at all, yet all there is I see,' replied his matter-of-fact mother."

"In such a case," said the tall man, "argument would be folly and waste of time. Gertrude, who could not see or feel the presence of her murdered husband, could not be convinced that he was there."

"Quite right. Excuse my digression. We can afford to endure if we are not entertained by those men who spend one-half their lives in the clouds and the other half in their shells, and who, when accident or circumstance brings them for a time into the busy haunts of men, stand in the mart and, with wild eyes and dishevelled hair, blow their puny breath against the wind."

"But," continued the tragedian, ignoring the fat man's poor effort, "the fixed law of compensation obtains in all things—even Fund meetings. After the storm, the calm; after the cloud, the sunshine; after the midday heat the cool, evening zephyr; after the dark night, the welcome day; after the 'fatal' frost, the Delaware peach; after the dreary Winter, the reviving Spring. And so—came Dougherty."

MILTON NOBLES.

THE Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrels will, it is said, disband on August 30. The firm have made over half a million dollars since its organization eight years ago. Mr. West, who two years ago married a Philadelphia heiress, will retire and reside permanently at his beautiful home by the sea at New Utrecht, L. I. Mr. Primrose will join his old partner, and Barney Fagin will be a silent member of the new firm. Mr. Thatcher will organize a troupe to be known as the Thatcher, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels.

THEATRES AND THEATRES.

The traveler with theatrical predilections cannot travel very far without meeting with some experiences more or less curious and perhaps worthy of record. In general features the stage is alike in all countries. Theatrical scenery and decorations are practically the same in all places, and it is among the audiences, quite as often as among the performers, that one must look for novelty.

They have some queer ways in Germany. The hour of beginning a performance is always earlier than with us, and varies according to the length of the piece. Nuremberg has a rather inferior theatre, and when a heavy opera like the Freischirt is announced the curtain rises as early as six o'clock. In the Summer season this is a delightful custom, at least for the tourist who has his time at his own disposal. For when the performance is over, there is still a faint light in the evening Western sky, and a stroll and a late supper at the hotel can be taken before retiring.

Cassel has a queer old theatre peculiarly home-like in its appearance and comforts. The ladies in the boxes bring worsted work and knitting and listen to the woes of Iphigenia with the utmost placidity of countenance, their deft fingers improving the time, while their eyes are turned toward the stage. The boxes are supported with pegs and it is quite the proper thing for ladies to go to the play without male escort.

The theatre at Regensberg (or Ratisbon) is another quaint old structure entered only by a little unpretending door under an archway, like that of a private house. I remember in this place a performance of Meyerbeer's Robert le Diable, in which the ghosts of the nuns in the ballet scene were flung with considerable force out of their rising coffins and toppled nearly to the footlights before they regained their footing. Of course, the audience laughed loudly and the entire effect of the scene was ludicrous rather than preternatural. Between the acts at this house the auditorium was quite emptied, both ladies and gentlemen going out for a stroll in the foyer or the street.

The principal theatre at Leipsic (where, by the way, Mme. Moran-Olden who created but little impression in America, is a special favorite) is situated in the principal square, its admirable façade forming one of the finest architectural ornaments of the city. In the building are *cafés* and restaurants, and at one side is a wide, open stone archway leading to the rear of the theatre, which overlooks a lake or pond. This pond is one of the features of the narrow park which occupies the site of the ancient fortifications of the city. Snugly hidden behind the theatre are arbors and coigns of vantage, provided with chairs and tables and forming a charming resort for those fond of beer and Hamburger steaks, the territory of the restaurant in front of the theatre extending to this comparatively distant point. The Leipsic Theatre is more metropolitan in style and management than the others I have mentioned and the audiences more brilliant, but still devoted to the custom of going out between the acts.

Wurzburg has a rather pretty theatre, with good approaches and fair stage appointments, and a number of side doors, or a sort of private entrances known only to the initiated. At the Krouprinzen Hotel, while at dinner, a gentleman invited me to accompany him to this theatre. It was only a few minutes before the hour of performance, but a messenger secured good orchestra seats for about sixty-five cents each, and my new friend conducted me to them through one of the mysterious private doors. Between the acts, however, we sallied forth through the main portal into the street. Wurzburg, by the way, is one of the most picturesque and fascinating towns in Germany, though it is but rarely visited by Americans.

At Magdeburg there is a handsome theatre on the principal street, and the little garden-park at the East end, when the afternoon shadows fall, is haunted by Fraus and Fräuleins, who sit there and chat and take dainty sips of beer and sew and knit interminally. Of course a restaurant and beer cellar lurks in the immediate vicinity, deep in the massive foundation of the theatre itself.

The theatres of Berlin are large, commonplace and conventional.

Vienna's homes of the drama are more picturesque in appearance. At the Royal Opera a few seasons ago an American prima donna of my acquaintance was singing in Trovatore, taking the rôle of Leonora in Italian while all the other artists sang in German. I was admitted behind the scenes and it seemed to me that the arrangements were as near perfect as possible.

The great theatre at Dresden, however, is the most elegant and commodious as far as the auditorium is concerned of any in Europe. It is a new structure taking the place of one burned down about a dozen years ago. Augsburg has a superb new theatre. As a general thing these foreign houses are really architectural ornaments to their respective cities. Instead of being hemmed in by other buildings they stand in isolated grandeur often occupying an entire block. A fine specimen is in the Belgian town of Liege, a little park forming the approach ornamented by a statue of Gretry, the composer. The Theatre de la Monnaie at Brussels though plain and old enjoys similar advantages of position.

The Italian theatres do not, as a general thing, compare favorably with the German. One of the oddest and ugliest is the Apollo at Rome devoted exclusively to opera, and for which Verdi composed his Ballo in Maschera and other works. This Apollo Theatre stands in a leading street, to be sure, but it is a gloomy, muddy, narrow street, leading to the Bridge of St. Angelo. The rear wall abuts on the muddy Tiber, the exits are narrow, the auditorium far from beautiful. Yet few opera houses in the world have such a history in musical art. But Rome has now in the new Costanzi Theatre a temple of art more worthy of the Imperial City.

Florence in the Pergola has a dainty little house, which has echoed to the greatest voices of the past thirty years; and in the Pagliano, a larger edifice, adapted to massive representations, and thrown open to the public at low rates of admission. Nor do I forget the Goldoni (which may not be to-day in existence), where an orchestra seat for twenty performances and a masked ball cost only three dollars! During one winter's sojourn in Florence I found the weather absolutely cold, and the *scaldino*—the little portable earthenware ash-pot, which serves as a dismal substitute for the stove—proved but poor comfort. Why, there was a film of ice on the Arno, and the winds, sweeping down from the heights of Fiesole, were as chilling as those that played, or rather rampaged, among the Appenines. At this season Verdi's Attila was the attraction at the Goldoni, and the leader of the Huns, dressed in thin tights, and with the skin of some wild beast flung over his shoulders, shivered with cold; while he and all his attendant horde of warriors, similarly attired, sent forth clouds of chilly breath from between their blue lips. What time the flute-players, in the orchestra, blew on their fingers to thaw them, and the man with the bass drum threw in liberal extra thumps and booms, merely by way of healthful exercise.

Then there was in Florence, a dear, ugly, little theatre, the name of which escapes my memory, where operetta was given and where Cherubini's Water Carrier had a run. Ah! what a quaint, cosy, old-fashioned little place! The Berkeley Lyceum is collosal compared to it. Certainly three hundred persons would have formed an over-flowing audience.

In Vicenza I found an open-air theatre where Verdi's Lombardi was announced, and, anxious to get a seat, was on hand half an hour before the time. Not a soul was present nor did I have a companion until the curtain was about to rise. There was no roof to the auditorium and the music must have been plainly audible outside. But the performers were full of vim; the delicious Italian music as enjoyable as if heard beneath the frescoed dome of La Scala.

Ah! La Scala! There, indeed, is a theatre worth visiting! One night the King of Italy was present in full state and the auditorium was illuminated *a giorno*—that is, besides the gaslights there were groups of wax candles fastened to the front of the boxes which were crowded with the beauty and wealth of Milanese society. The opera was Gomez Il Guarany, a work enjoying fair success in Italy. It was given in New York a few years ago at the (present) Star Theatre by the so-called Star Theatre Company but made very little impression.

The Carcano Theatre of Milan is always associated in my mind with Bellini's Beatrice di Tenda and Donizetti's Regina di Golconda, two charming and melodious operas never heard here. The theatre is small and comfortable; and that is all there is to be said about it.

Paris theatres vary in style and size. The Chatean d'Eau is a popular place like our Third Avenue houses. The Grand Opera amazes by the splendor of its decorations, but the effect of the interior does not respond to the vastness and elegance of the exterior. The famous Théâtre Français, "the home of Molière," the most famous theatre in the world, is quaker-like in its plainness. The stage decorations are absolutely shabby. But all this is forgotten in the finish and palpable superiority of the acting. Not even is the absence of an orchestra felt during the entr'actes. Similar in general style is the Odeon. It was my lot to attend a performance of La Traviata at the Opera Comique the night before its destruction by fire, and I remarked the intricacy of the passage-ways and idly speculated on the chances of escape in case of disaster, little dreaming that a few hours later the awful scenes which startled the world would take place within those fated walls. The destruction of this and the fearful loss of life which it caused, dispelled at once and forever the ideas which had always prevailed as to the superiority of management in the Paris theatres.

For dirt, discomfort and ugliness, the English theatres bear away the palm. Some of the later London establishments are neat, but with the exception of Her Majesty's, they are all more or less uncomfortable; and yet Her Majesty's is the only one that can boast of an uninterrupted run of ill luck. Of the provincial theatres, the less said the better. Of course Manchester, Birmingham, and a few of the other large cities have pretty fair houses, but the second and third-rate towns have the kind of dingy little structures in which you only look for such art as Mr. Vincent Crummles and his company might supply. On the other hand, it must be admitted that you often see very good performances in these dismal places, and the traveler, especially if alone, is very thankful when night comes on to exchange the unutterable dreariness of the English provincial inn for even the shabbiest and dirtiest of theatres. Ah! the footlights, the footlights! It is not only those on the stage who experience their glamour, and once learning them, forever after pine for their genial glare. The regular theatregoer is never happy if debarred from his favorite pleasure.

And travel is lightened and brightened by theatrical delights. Thank Heaven! there are theatres and opera houses wherever civilization has set its seal. Stay! 'Tis time to pause. To only a few theatrical countries have I alluded, and would fain babble of Russia, Sweden, Denmark, *inter alia*. But not now. Some other day, perhaps.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

ESTELLE KEENE will go with Winnett's Passion's Slave company.

THE Grand Lodge of the Order of Elks began its annual session at the Masonic Temple yesterday (Tuesday) morning. Brother Leech of Washington called the meeting to order.

JACOB LITT has leased the People's Theatre of Minneapolis for ten years. He intends to run the house at popular prices in conjunction with his new Bijou Theatre in Milwaukee.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, who has done some very clever work in support of Minnie Maddern during the past season, will sail for Europe in a few days. He will return in September.

SMILEY WALKER, business manager for Annie Pixley, has had several new and sparkling songs written for his star in England. Miss Pixley will probably introduce these songs during the coming season.

THE Summer company at Ticonderoga, N. Y., includes J. D. Hallock, Mary Frances Stetson, Benjamin B. Rogers, and William J. Johnstone, all of whom have signed with good companies for next season.

THOMAS WESTON, of the Grand Opera House, is painting the entire scenery for Chaos Flat, in which the Misses Deaves will star next season. C. J. Wilson, the musical director, is hard at work composing music for the piece.

TED D. MARKS, who is in England, has been engaged as business manager for Herrmann. Mr. Marks will sail for this country on August 7 on the *City of New York* with the European novelties he has secured for him.

WILLIAM STUART, who recently closed his third and last season with Fred Wafde, has been engaged to create the part of Apalcidies, the young priest, in Palmer's production of The Last Days of Pompeii, at Cleveland, on July 22.

THE list of subscribers to The Theatrical Managers' Association since June 29th, includes: W. C. Anderson, $25.00; Harry Phillips, $25.00; Frank C. Hamilton (Manager Walter Mathews) $25.00; P. S. Gilmore and D. Blakely, $50.00; Oliver Byron, $25.00; Pat Harris, $25.00; Webster and Maeder, $25.00; Miles and Rainforth, $25.00; Robert Fulford, $25.00; and W. H. Power, $25.00.

THE parts of Sir Joseph Porter and Captain Corcoran in the production of Pinafore, by a company of children, had to be relinquished by the two youthful stars, Charles A. Heckler and John W. Parr, at the instigation of Agent Stocking, of the S. P. C. C. Pending the return of Mr. Gerry, from Newport, Manager Turner had to secure Arthur Wilkinson and Edwin C. Barry to play the roles.

ESTHER LYON, who was last season with the Kate Claxton company, and who is engaged for the stock company at the West End Theatre, Harlem, has been much annoyed lately through the similarity of her name and that of another actress. Miss Lyon has received several letters congratulating her on her recent marriage. She says the lady who should rightfully receive the "congrats," presents, etc., is a Miss Esther Lyons, now on the road.

KENNEDY, WILLIAMS AND MAGEE will open in their four-act comedy drama, Time Will Tell, at New Haven, Conn., on August 12, under the management of E. D. Colvin. The company consists of Billy Kennedy, Billy Williams, John J. Magee, Frank Drumier, Robert A. Milton, A. W. Beehler, Lizzie Hunt, Belle La Verde, Annie Reanie and Francis Martin. Charles Eberhard will act as musical director, while Ed. C. White will be business manager.

HERRMANN'S Transatlantique Vaudevilles will open the Bijou Theatre on Aug. 19. This company contains some of the strongest vaudeville stars of Europe, including Trewey the original shadowgraph artist, the Tacchi Brothers, Tholen and his musical dog, the Athols, Katie Seymour (said to be the original of the Letty Lind style of dancing) and the baby linguist, Freddie, five years of age, who speaks six languages and sings in eleven. If Mr. Gerry hears of this infant mezzofanti he will probably not appear.

HELEN BLYTHE will star next season under the management of J. F. Brien. She has just read and had copyrighted her new play, A Mother's Love. The piece is a domestic drama in five acts, said to be quite strong and with more than the usual amount of comedy. Five weeks are being held for it in New York and two in Brooklyn. The tour will embrace Washington Territory, the Northern Pacific coast for five weeks, and the Californian coast for twelve weeks more. All the last named time has already been booked. The season will open about August 19 at Hamilton, Ont.

THE following is a pretty full list of the actors, actresses and managers who have been in London during the latter part of June: A. M. Palmer, Helen Dauvray, Tony Pastor, Margaret Mather, Charles Schroeder, Mark Lynch, Smiley Walker, Ted D. Marks, Ed. A. Stevens, Evans and Hoey, Charles Overton, Spencer Cone, Margaret Cone, Nellie Lingard, Olga Brandon, Bernard Dyllyn, Florence Thropp, Maud Harrison, Kate Forsythe, Frank McNish, the Inman Sisters, James T. Powers, Jesse Williams, J. B. Mason, Enid Leslie, Alma Stuart Stanley and Frederick Conway.

MRS. GEORGE KNIGHT opened her Summer season in Asbury Park on July 4 with Over the Garden Wall, playing to a large and enthusiastic audience. The company is a very strong one, including five recognized comedians, Edward Warren, Owen Westford, Edwin H. Carroll, Ben Grinnell and Charles Ross. Over the Garden Wall is to be presented for ten nights only. Following it an entertainment will be given, comprising a number of comediettas and musical farces, such as My Lord in Livery, A Wild Idea and Hoop-La. Edward Warren and Mrs. Knight will assume the leading parts. The cast will also be further strengthened by the addition of Russell Bassett, Theodore Brown, Mable Fenton and Jenny Knight.

IN a recent communication on the need of educating young men in the principles of dramatic art, Bronson Howard pays a high compliment to the work of Professor Alfred Hennequin, a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan. Mr. Howard says that during a visit to Ann Arbor last Winter, he was astonished to find, among the various courses of lectures, one on the principles of dramatic construction, which, though an optional course, was a recognized part of collegiate training and held its due place, with other courses, in studies for a degree. Professor Hennequin does not confine himself to the writers who have gone, but discusses the peculiarities, beauties and defects of living French masters of the drama, as their works appear from time to time in Paris.

JOHN S. MURPHY'S tour for next season will be under the management of Frank A. Cole. Mr. Murphy will be supported by Helen Fox and a strong company as follows: Percy Kingsley, Ferdinand S. Powers, Paul Scott, Edwin Mortimer, Joseph Gobay, William Maher, W. T. Sheehan, Dot Kingsley and Lillie Larkell. Rehearsals will begin on Aug. 26. New songs and dances will be introduced into the two famous pieces comprising the repertoire, Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue, and the season, which will last from thirty-eight to forty weeks will, as before, be confined principally to the far West. All of the engagements for the organization have been made through the Actors' Fund Agency. Mr. Murphy is now at his Summer residence at Lowell, Mass., preparing for the coming season.

THE first "Saturday Night" at the Hamilton House, Stamford, took place last week and was highly enjoyable. Adelaide Goundré was heard in a piano solo, Joseph Adelman in a recitation, Charles Bowser in a funny talk, W. H. Compton in a discourse, Anna MacGregor in recitations, Eliza Warren, Alfred Ayres and others in the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice and C. Booth Leggett in scenes from Hamlet and Richard III. The latter gentleman was billed simply as "Booth," and there was great excitement in consequence. The excitement abated in time, however. McKee Rankin will read his play, The Kanuck, to Gustave Frohman and the guests on Thursday night of this week. For the next "Saturday Night" Charles Bowser and company will give a full dress rehearsal of Cheek.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A SENSATIONAL UNTRUTH.

LONG BRANCH, July 8, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR. Some of the daily papers have published a sensational article in which there is hardly a vestige of truth. I am made to appear in anything but an enviable light. To be brief: I never met the Peters family until Friday, when I was introduced by my husband. I did not drive with Mr. Peters, neither did he invite me to drive. They pressed the use of their conveyance upon Mr. Clayburgh, that he might take me for a drive. About their supposed row, I am in total ignorance.

Very respectfully,

FRANKIE KEMBLE.

MR. DOWNING WELL AND HAPPY.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—Will you kindly publish in your next issue that the report that appeared in last Friday's *Evening Sun*, of New York, wherein it stated "that I was dying at my home near Washington," is entirely without foundation? I am at a loss to understand how such a report could have got into circulation, for I never was happier or in better health in my life than I am at present and have been all Summer.

Yours very truly. ROBERT DOWNING.

A CONTRADICTION.

LONDON, June 27, 1889.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In looking over THE MIRROR of June 15, I noticed a paragraph stating that Frank M. Burbeck was not, and never had been a married man.

Permit me to say that he was married to me in the Summer of 1885.

Will you kindly give this a place in your paper, and oblige, truly yours,

NELLIE LINGARD-BURBECK.

[Frank M. Burbeck sent us a letter requesting the publication of the paragraph in question.

EDITOR DRAMATIC MIRROR.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Are you insured against accidents? A prepaid professional card, of ten lines or more, in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, *gives you a $5,000 policy in the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, free of cost.*

BOSTON.

It is singular what a hold Little Lord Fauntleroy has upon the theatre-going public of this city. Night after Night, and matinee after matinee the Museum is crowded. The weather seems to make no difference, nor does the Summer exodus affect the size of the audiences. The first break in the run of the piece announced will be on Aug. 19, when Roland Reed will open in The Woman Hater. The next regular season begins Sept. 2, Hands Across the Sea being announced for that date.

The Hollis Street Theatre will also reopen Sept. 2.

The Grand Opera leads among the early openers. After Dark is announced for Aug. 12 at that house.

ITEMS: All the theatres are undergoing the annual house cleaning process, during the recess, and in some of them important changes are being made. The stage of the Boston is unusually large and it has been determined to take several feet off the "apron" or space between the curtain and the footlights. The curve of the stage will be greatly lessened; possibly made entirely straight. This will give an additional row of seats and bring actors and audience nearer together. Other changes are to be made which will add to the comfort and convenience of patrons.—The Park, which, with the close of the season, passed out of the hands of Messrs. Abbey and Schoeffel, is now being thoroughly overhauled and put in order for the coming season. Lotta, in whose hands it now rests, is determined to make it equal in attractiveness to any theatre in the country.—Work is being rapidly pushed on the new Tremont and the proprietors are straining every nerve to have it ready to open on the date announced, Oct. 7. If it opens Nov. 7 they will have achieved a miracle.—Mrs. Burnett's new play, Phyllis, will follow a six weeks' run of Hands Across the Sea at the Museum. It will be the first performance of the piece in the United States. Phyllis was written under contract with Dan Frohman to be produced at the New York Lyceum Theatre but was released to Manager Field.—Richard Mansfield comes to the Globe about the middle of October, opening in Richard III.—Wilson Barrett will begin an engagement about the same time at the Boston.

CINCINNATI.

The World, judging from the attendance at Harris' during the week ending 6, has outlived its popularity, and, though the drama was very satisfactorily cast and mounted, the piece failed to draw. The leading feature of the week was T. H. Huntley's excellent work in the part of Harry Elliston and Nannie Palmer's clever portrayal of Rosa. The raft scene was very effective, and nightly elicited applause. The house will remain closed until the latter part of August.

At Kohl and Middleton's Vine Street Museum, Manager Avery reports satisfactory business, and will probably continue open throughout the Summer. Milla Louisa Ritzal, the Italian harpist, scored a pronounced hit last week.

ITEMS: The completion of an electric road to the Zoo will materially increase the attendance at that resort.—Will Fennessy is in town having closed his season with Prof. Fletcher.—The Standard management has engaged Morelli's orchestra for coming season and Charles Lewis has been retained as musical director.—Manager John Havlin returned from New York City 1. He has booked the Norcross Opera co. as the initial attraction at his Chicago theatre.—The closing of Harris' 6 leaves Cincinnati without indoor amusements.—The Coney Island people are anticipating a handsome dividend on their capital invested in that enterprise and the attendance has been such that another steamer has been secured to accommodate the frequenters of that popular resort.—The Grand's interior is being improved and the question of a new drop curtain is now being seriously discussed by Manager Rainforth.—Hubert Heuck has gone to Put-in-Bay and will not return until the season's commencement.—Heuck's Cincinnati is now infested with several ten-cent circus shows, whose depredations are largely confined to the suburbs.—The Conquest of Mexico will be presented during latter part of August at the Campus.

ST. LOUIS.

The Carleton Opera co. had another successful week at Uhrigs Cave presenting the favorite Opera Manon. The new prima donna, Miss Glasca made her first appearance as Manon. She has a clean and strong voice, which she uses with little effort, and was warmly applauded. Miss Alice Vincent, who had been suffering with a severe cold for fully a week, has almost entirely recovered, and sang and looked the part of Manon one of her best roles, to perfection. Miss Jennie Reiffarth, Jay Taylor and the balance of the cast were excellent in their parts, while the chorus sang finely. The opera was enjoyed by good-sized audiences throughout the week. This week The Chimes of Normandy.

The California Opera co. gave Said Pasha the second week at Schnaiders Garden even better than they did the first. They drew large audiences. The company is a good one and the surroundings at the garden are the best of any in the country. The next opera in preparation is Coquelicat, which will be given in a short time.

The new programme put on at Kensington Gardens last week was satisfactory to the patrons of that place. The entertainment was received with laughter and applause. There will be an entire change this week.

ITEMS: Mr. Urban has been added to the cast of the Said Pasha co., taking the place of Mr. Rattenburg, who has been compelled to rest owing to a throat trouble.—Mr. Fitzgerald, the popular manager of the Carleton Opera co., received word that Mr. Hoff will be here on the 17th and sing the balance of the season.—The weather during the past week has been very unpropitious for out-door entertainments, and nothing but the excellent arrangements at both Uhrig's Cave and Schnaider's Garden prevented entire postponement during one or two evenings.—Promenade concerts follow the opera at Schnaider's Garden. It is a very popular and pleasing feature.

SAN FRANCISCO.

July 30.

Sweet Lavender, given at the Baldwin for the second week of the Lyceum Theatre co.'s engagement, is a pretty, somewhat conventional play, with sufficient of the popular element in it to carry it with the support of the strong character studies—that is, character studies strong in the hands of the co. if not as they left the dramatist's workshop. Every character was well played.

A Celebrated Case continued during the week at the Bijou.

The Silent Partner, given at the Alcazar during the week by J. B. Polk and his co., is far from being the comedy that was announced. It is a three act farce. As well call a three-masted schooner a ship as to call this farce a comedy. It is very laughable at times, very stupid at others, and very absurd again. But it is scarcely worth while to split hairs at any length about it, even at this season when new productions are scarce. If San Francisco is the "dog" upon which the affair was tried, I, for one, shall growl. That is all.

The Coral Bracelet, which was given at the Bush Street Theatre by Anita Fallon and a specially selected co., was fair as a dramatic venture, adapted as it was from the French by Miss Fallon herself, and it was acted tolerably well in general. The lady herself has much to gain in stage knowledge and stage bearing; but she has no need to be discouraged. Neil Warner and Harry Mainhall did good work in support—the first as an old notary, and the second as the lover.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, in their first part, in Shakespearean guise, gave a novelty, and imparted great pleasure at the California Theatre on every evening of the week. The house was liberally packed nightly. All the elements of the entertainment were excellent.

Amorita continued another week at the Tivoli.

CHAT: The Lyceum co. played to over $16,000 in its first two weeks.—Jay Rial is on his way to the coast. It is reported that he will take the management of the Grand Opera House. The Twelve Temptations, by the way, continued for a second week at that house, and is now out on the road.—Eleanor Barry is here on the sick list.—Al. Hayman will be out in a few days.—Rose Coghlan is at Monterey, or at least she will be in time for dinner this evening, and will remain there till her season begins.—It is reported that J. J. Rosenthal will soon become business manager of the Tivoli.—That is all for this week. "A short horse is soon curried."

BALTIMORE.

Wallace's melodious opera, Maritana, was the bill at the Academy of Music last week and was given in a way that reflected a great deal of credit on the Thompson Opera co. and its musical director, Adam Itzel, Jr. After an absence of some years Annis Montague made her reappearance in the title role and sang the music delightfully, and Charles Turner, if not dramatically adequate to the part of Don Cæsar, was from a musical point of view very satisfactory. Carrie Godfrey made a fair Lazarillo and the choruses were well sung. This week Billee Taylor is announced with Ida Bell, of Dixey's Adonis co. as the stellar attraction. Next Perichole.

ITEM: Creston Clarke has been spending his vacation with friends in the city, and though for some time under a physician's care is now convalescent. The Academy of Music still continues alone in the field of amusement. The remainder of the houses are closed and deserted. Rankin Duval, of the Creston Clark co., is at his home here.

LOUISVILLE.

Oklahoma Harry Hill's Wild West Show is doing a big business at the Fair Grounds. The attraction is a seasonable one, and the Indians, the cowboys and the animals of various kinds all receive much notice. Captain A. A. Bogardus and his three sons do wonderful feats of marksmanship.

ITEMS: Wilbur Adkins, of Macauley's, took in the Chicago Derby, and he tells his experiences there in an amusing way. He is pleased that he escaped with his life.—The Grand Central and the Gem are in full blast drawing fairly well, but the extreme weather has counted against them in a measure.—Another musical discovery is announced in a Miss Clary. The lady is connected with the Musical Club and is said to have a most promising voice. She contemplates a season of hard study abroad and a career upon the operatic stage.—Georgie Davids will go East this week. She is as yet undecided as to what she will do next season.—Clever old Buck McKinney, of Macauley's, is acting as manager of the Louisville Ball club.—Marlande Clarke will spend the Summer here. He is open for engagement as teacher of elocution, coach for amateur theatricals, etc. Mr. Clarke is a good actor who seems misplaced in such parts as Jack the Ripper. He has seen the error of his way.—It is said that Walter S. Mathews has made a large contract for advertising matter with a Western publishing concern. He will have some expensive paper for his new play, Aramis; or, The Master Mind.—Charles Blichart retires from the management of Phœnix Hill Park, owing to a difference with the owners as to how the place should be conducted. He was a popular man.—Al Bourlier, of the Masonic, has the sincere sympathy of his large circle of friends in the death of his young daughter Maymie. She was a bride of but a few weeks, young, beautiful and accomplished. Her untimely decease is peculiarly sad under the circumstances.—James H. Craig, of the Leadville Theatre and an old Louisvillian, has been spending a short period of rest here.—Frank Van Dorn is in charge of Harris' during Manager Osgood's absence.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The houses continue good at Albaugh's. The Three Black Cloaks is the opera for this week, and was well rendered. Alice Carle was far from well, and Isabella Baker acceptably took the part of the Queen at short notice. Beggar Student next week with full co.

The Thompson Opera co. to good business at the National in La Mascotte. Blanche Chapman joined the co. and made a charming Bettina. Frank David as Lorenzo was also a new addition. Next week, Trovatore will be given, Annis Montague, Charles Turner, Stuart Harold and Frank Pearson making their first appearance and strengthening the co. very much. Frank Pearson has lately returned from studying abroad.

BROOKLYN.

The only place of amusement open in the Eastern District is Louis Phillips' Town Hall Casino. Mr. Phillips is presenting a very fine line of attractions numbering among them The Fenz Bros., E. F. Roberts, Mlle. Rose Acret, Miss Sarah Kirchner, and last but not least Miss Mabel Hudson, who has caught on in great shape and is fast becoming as great a favorite in the Eastern District as Miss Minnie Shultz was for so long in the Western District.

CALIFORNIA.

OAKLAND.—OAKLAND THEATRE (A. W. Stillwell, manager): Due: J. B. Polk in Mixed Pickles 3.—ITEMS: Important improvements are being made in the house. Five hundred opera chairs, formerly in the Old California Theatre, will take the place of wooden chairs in the auditorium; handsome iron railings will decorate the boxes, and the painters will beautify the interior. Gilmore's Twelve Temptations, The Lyceum Theatre co., and Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels are booked to play at the Oakland Theatre before returning East.

SAN DIEGO.—LOUIS OPERA HOUSE (Isador Louis, manager): The S. R. O. sign was displayed for the first time in many weeks June 2, the occasion being the appearance of W. H. Powers' Ivy Leaf co. Play and players received a hearty reception and gave entire satisfaction.

STOCKTON.—AVON THEATRE (Southworth and Humphrey, proprietors): The Ida Van Siclen co. week of June 24 at popular prices drew well-paying houses.

LOS ANGELES.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry C. Wyatt, manager, R. S. Douglass, associate manager): While the engagement of Richard Golden in Old Jed Prouty 26-29 was not much of a financial success, it was most certainly an artistic one and very realistic. The scenery also was very fine, and looked natural enough to your correspondent, who lived within a few miles of Bucksport, Me., where the action of the play takes place, for many years. Gilmore's Twelve Temptations week of 10.—LOS ANGELES THEATRE (Harry C. Wyatt, manager, R. S. Douglas, associate manager): The first appearance of H. C. Wyatt's Opera co. on any stage in Maritana occurred 24. Crowded houses. The opera was given with much spirit and met with generous applause. Mrs. Padelford, in the title role, and Miss Emma Berg as Lazarillo captured the honors. Virginia next, then Iolanthe.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (Sol. Isaacs, proprietor and manager): Lights o' London burned all the week to good houses. The Two Orphans is underlined for coming week.

COLORADO.

DENVER.—The Bostonians week of June 24 at the Tabor gave a change of bill every night, and had crowds to hear them. As Daly's co. couldn't get here until to-day (Tuesday) the opera people remained last night and appeared in one act of Mignon, Fatinitza and Dorothy. 'Tis hard to make a distinction in the work of the principals, but if I have a preference, it is little Miss Cordon. Week of 8, Modjeska. Charles McCarthy in One of the Bravest is bravely attempting to depict fireman life upon a primitive stage at the Denver Theatre. His support is good and he will probably do fairly well, but the odds are against him—counter attractions and poor facilities for presenting a play dealing with the heroic.—ITEMS: Manager Cragg, of the Leadville Theatre tarried in Denver a short time recently on his way home from Louisville, Ky., where he was called on account of the death of his father.—W. Lockhart Smith, of the New Metropolitan, is in New York. The house will be ready for the roof before many days. It will be an imposing, substantial structure.—Some of the Bostonians were the recipients of social attentions while here.

DAKOTA.

WATERTOWN.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Brock, manager): Andrews' Opera co. 1. The W. C. Coup Equescurriculum, with Prof. Buckley's trained horses, 10-12.

HURON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (O. P. Holm, manager): Newton Beers' Lost in London co. to S. R. O. 3, 4.

ILLINOIS.

ELGIN.—DUBOIS OPERA HOUSE (Theodore Swan and F. Jencks, managers): Due: The Noble Outcast 4.—ITEM: Manager Jencks has succeeded in forming a circuit to comprise Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Streator, Galesburg, Elgin and Milwaukee, and is at present in New York booking attractions for the coming season.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.—GOSSIP: F. Percy Weadon, formerly treasurer of the Hennepin Avenue Theatre at Minneapolis, has taken up his residence here and will, it is rumored, be connected with the Grand Opera House in the same capacity.—Barclay Walker will leave for New York this week in the interest of his opera. The Kettle Drum, which has been sold to a New York manager with a view of production in October.—Caroline Gage and Kent Thomas of the Caroline Gage co. have returned after closing a successful season in Washington Territory and surrounding country.—Martin Hayden was in the city this week, arranging for his opening at the Park on Sept. 19 with a play of his own.—The Grand is undergoing extensive repairs and will be opened in Sept. with Enoch Arden.—Truman Johnson of the Baldwin co. has arrived home.

FORT WAYNE.—MASONIC TEMPLE (J. H. Simonson, manager): On July 3, 4 Newton Beers gave his initial performances of Enoch Arden to large and well-pleased audiences. Owing to the extreme length of the production it was less enjoyable than it would have been had the time between acts been shorter. The scenery is grand, and owing to the size of the stage it was impossible to produce it entire. The acting of the various roles has been assigned to a well-selected cast, which is appended. Like all "first nights," it was subjected to the usual errors and hitches. Miss Marion Abbott as the broken-hearted wife won the hearts of the audience, and Mr. Beers gave a fair rendition of Enoch Arden. The musical scores and marches were very catchy. The co. open at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago 7, for a run of seven weeks. The following is the cast:

Enoch Arden	Newton Beers
Philip Ray	Willard Lee
Dr. Gossett	Henry R. Stoddard
Peter Lane	W. W. Walton
Lord Glenroy	W. H. Brown
Capt. Parr	A. E. Hyde
Ben Barnicle	L. J. Loring
Andrew	Jerome Sykes
Father Frances	Robert Palloch
Annie Lee	Marion Abbott
Mariam Lane	Mrs. Farren
Lady Glenroy	Pauline Sanderson

IOWA.

MUSCATINE.—TURNER OPERA HOUSE (Barney Schmidt, manager): House closed until Aug. 19. Manager Schmidt has booked some good attractions for the coming season. He will also make some improvements in the house and stage. Harris' Nickel-Plate Circus will exhibit July 8-10.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—DOHANY'S OPERA HOUSE (John Dohany, proprietor): GOSSIP: Manager Dohany has closed his house for the season and is now having some fine scenery painted by Frank Cox, scenic artist, from the Grand Opera House, New York. Mr. Cox is the artist that did the fine work at Boyd's Opera House, Omaha. There have already been many attractions booked for the season of 1889-'90.

SIOUX CITY.—PEAVEY GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. I. Buchanan, manager): The Clair Patee co.'s engagement last week was so successful that they continued it for another week. They play Jim the Penman under the title of A Bitter Wrong. They also play The Old Homestead without making an effort to conceal their piracy.—ITEM: E. M. Kimball was agreeably surprised by his manager, Mr. Patee, on the occasion of his thirty-ninth birthday. A handsome gold-headed cane was presented to him in full view of the audience while he was playing Hawkshaw in The Ticket-of-Leave Man.

MAINE.

SKOWHEGAN.—COBURN HALL (E. C. Haselton, manager): Guy Brothers' Minstrels drew a full house 7. Specialties first-class.—ITEM: Our town is filled with people who are summering here.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HOLYOKE.—HOLYOKE OPERA HOUSE (Chase Brothers, managers): Ladies' Relief Corps (local amateurs) in The Little Orphan, June 28, to a good house.

MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS.—GOSSIP: Matters theatrical are practically dead, both Powers' and Redmond's being closed for the Summer vacation. Acting Manager Ed Salter will have a benefit July 8 at Redmond's. "Ed" will have a bumper, and he deserves it, as a more energetic and courteous gentleman has never looked after the business of an opera house in this city.—The Casino Opera co. has just begun a Summer engagement at the Reed's Lake Resort. Among the co. are T. J. McCarthy, Putnam Twin Sisters and May Sylvester.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL.—NEWMARKET THEATRE (L. N. Scott, lessee and manager): The closing event of the season, June 27, was a fine performance given by Augustin Daly's excellent co. of the comedy entitled Railroad of Love. The house was filled to its utmost capacity by a brilliant and appreciative audience. Ada Rehan, as Valentine Osprey, was charming, playing the role in a graceful, queenly manner. The role of General Everett was finely sustained by Charles Wheatleigh, Messrs. Drew, Clarke, Bond, Lewis, and Leclercq were admirable in their impersonations, and met with well-deserved recognition. Mrs. G. A. Gilbert and Isabel Irving were excellent in their parts. It is a matter of regret to theatregoers that the engagement of this co. was so short.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (L. W. Walker, manager): Fred Marsden's comedy-drama, Clouds, was produced, and a very fair performance given week of July 1. The plot is interesting, and the play was well presented. W. S. Harkins, as Fred Town, sustained the role well. Lake Martin, as Billy Buddles, was decidedly good. Charles Stanley was a capital Mr. Wimberly. Eleanor Moretti's Stella was a neat and impressive impersonation. Katherine Florence, Etta F. Baker, May Louise Aigen, Mrs. J. W. Davenport, and Mabel Davidson well sustained their roles. F. C. Huebner was excellent as Ralph Randall. Harold Russell, J. W. Davenport, Ben Johnson and Walter Hale acted their respective parts in a very acceptable manner. Despite the sultry weather the piece drew well-filled houses.—ITEMS: The work upon the new Opera House is rapidly progressing.—The handsome new front of the Olympic Theatre is up, and work upon the interior is being pushed.—Kohl, Middleton and co.'s Dime Museum is doing a paying business.—Effie Ellsler and co. passed through the city 30, *en route* East, having just closed a long season.—A co. of lady bicyclists is giving successful performances at Athletic Park this week.

MINNEAPOLIS.—HARRIS' HENNEPIN AVENUE THEATRE (Samuel H. Friedlander, manager): The Wilbur Opera co. opened its seventh week in Chimes of Normany to excellent business. Their performance of this charming opera was one of the best ever seen in this city. The Gaspard of J. H. Jonas was an exceptionally strong piece of acting. We do not remember to have ever seen a better interpretation of the character. Mr. Jonas was called before the curtain twice at the conclusion of the second act. Alice Verona was a sweet and graceful Germaine. In addition to a charming personality Miss Verona is possessed of a very sweet voice. She is a great favorite here. Susie Kerwin made a great hit as Serpolette. J. E. Conly made an excellent Marquis de Corneville. Phin W. Xares, H. W. Fredericks, and J. C. Harvey were very good in their respective roles. The new dances by the chorus were very pleasing. Excellent business continues.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. P. Conklin, manager): Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter and a co. of local actors presented Panchon to a fair house June 27.—ITEM: The Lake-Harriet Opera co. opened its season at the Pavilion Theatre 29 in Mikado. Miss Patti Strong made an acceptable Katisha. J. W. Herbert was an excellent Ko-Ko. The other principals were good. The chorus is not sufficiently trained.

ST. CLOUD.—OPERA HOUSE (L. P. Mackenzie, manager): Royce and Lansing to light business June 26. Effie Ellsler was greeted with a very enthusiastic audience, which, though not large, was composed of the *elite* of the city, 28, 29. Miss Ellsler is a charming little actress, and would have been favored with a larger house had it been earlier in the season. The little lady is supported by an excellent co. Both of these cos. closed their season here.

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY.—WARDER GRAND (L. M. Crawford, manager): GOSSIP: Mr. Shackford has retired from the management of the Shackford Opera co., owing, it is alleged, to some financial trouble before the season opened. The same co. will fill out the season under the name of the New York Opera co., under the management of Berry Jarriet, former business manager for Shackford. It is being backed by local capital. The benefit given 28 to Frank Whitelaw was financially a success. Mr. Whitelaw is an amateur basso of great merit and will leave for Boston to cultivate his voice under the patronage of Myron Whitney. It is his intention to go on the stage.—At Exposition Park, commencing July 4, Pain's great spectacle of The Last Days of Pompeii for twenty nights.

ST. JOSEPH.—STRECKEIN'S GARDEN (W. R. Day, manager): The first week of Summer opera was not so well patronized as its merits deserved, owing, no doubt, to coolness of the evenings. The co. has been strengthened and can now present light opera in an acceptable manner.

MISSISSIPPI.

ABERDEEN.—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (R. L. Hatch, manager): As the Summer season is now over, the house is being put in shape and supplied with additional scenery and chairs, preparatory to the Fall opening. Manager Hatch's new plan of booking one standard attraction weekly, has met with much favor among our people.

MONTANA.

HELENA.—MING'S OPERA HOUSE (John Maguire, manager): Deborah was creditably presented by local amateurs June 30.

NEBRASKA.

FREMONT.—LOVE OPERA HOUSE (Robert McReynolds, manager): Rhea presented Much Ado About Nothing to a fair but very enthusiastic audience June 27. Manager Cottar and co. expressed surprise at the beauty and comfort of the Love. The Queen of Fame, spectacular, was played by amateurs to a large house 1. A minstrel performance by amateurs will be presented 6.

NEW JERSEY.

HOBOKEN.—CROKHEIM'S THEATRE: An excellent variety company occupies the boards this week, opening to good house 8. Among the specialists were such clever people as the Paynes, Phillips and Sherwood, R. G. Knowles, Latta and Lynch, Thomas and Watson, Crowley and Minnie Johnson. The hot weather is not felt to any sweltering extent in this house, as it is open and cool. On the evening of 11 Treasurer Schiller takes his annual testimonial benefit and a number of volunteers will be added to the regular co.

ATLANTIC CITY.—OPERA HOUSE: dark last week.—IRON PIER (J. N. Fort, manager): Uncle's Tom Cabin by a juvenile co. played to fair business all last week.—IRON PIER (Martin Keane, manager): Ned Thomas' Minstrels pleased a large audience during the week.—ITEMS: Mrs. George D. Knight comes for a week at the Opera House July 8.—Joel Lads, Jr., the manager of the Pleasantville, N. J., Opera House, was here on business this week.

NEW YORK.

CORNING.—HARVARD ACADEMY (G. W. Smith, manager): Ezra P. Kendall presented A Pair of Kids to light business 20. The audience was well pleased.

SALAMANCA.—GIBSON'S OPERA HALL (O. R. Gibson, manager): Jamison's Concert co. gave an excellent concert June 28 to fair business. Inez Mecusker was warmly applauded in her soprano solos.

SYRACUSE.—SHAKESPEARE HALL (G. W. Wright, manager): This place was opened as a variety theatre 1. John Peasley is stage manager.—ITEMS: C. H. Riegel of this city, expects to manage A Bunch of Keys through the Northwestern circuit next season.—Your correspondent was the recipient of a handsome gold badge presented by the Syracuse Cycling Club for services rendered in organizing their minstrel co.—Prof. Gleason, the horse tamer, exhibited 3-6 to fair attendance.

ROCHESTER.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. R. Jacobs, manager): H. R. Jacobs' own specialty co. did good business past week. The co. comprises several artists of merit, and among those deserving especial mention are the sisters Coulson. Their skipping rope dance was as neat a bit of work as has been seen here this season. Conroy and Dempsey were heartily encored. Messrs. Marco and Reto, in their act, created much enthusiasm. This was the closing of the season. The house will be immediately overhauled and renovated for the coming season.

BINGHAMTON.—OPERA HOUSE (J. P. E. Clark, manager): The Binghamton Stock co., headed by Helene Adell and Oscar Eagle, presented Hazel Kirke the first three nights of last week and The Sea of Ice the balance. They remain here during the Summer and are delighting the patrons of the house with their excellent performances.

BUFFALO.—GOSSIP: A number of tickets were disposed of for T. J. Farron's benefit at the Academy of Music last week. Chris and Lena, with the old team of Baker and Farron, was quite a reminiscence.—The Court Street Theatre was opened for the week of 1, A Mountain Pink being the bill.—The Spencer Opera co. still flourish at the Star. The Mikado, which was satisfactorily given last week, is succeeded by the Mascotte.—The Cleveland-Haverly Minstrels are booked for the Academy of Music July 15, 16; their printing is very attractive.

OHIO.

CANTON.—SCHAEFER'S OPERA HOUSE (Louis Schaefer, manager): This house is now undergoing a thorough renovation. The stage is being raised and enlarged and entire new sets of scenery and a magnificent drop curtain are being made by Simon Moesta and a corps of able assistants from Cleveland. The auditorium is also being decorated. Manager Schaefer has leased part of the third floor of the Eagle Block and is having it divided up into large dressing-rooms, which, like the other improvements, will excel anything in this part of Ohio. The house will be opened during the latter part of August.

DAYTON.—MEMORIAL HALL, Soldiers' Home (J. Clinton Hall, manager): The Home co. produced Almost a Life June 22. It is a powerful drama of unusual interest, dramatized from the French of Emile Gaboriau, by Mrs. Ettie Henderson. It is rather long (six acts), still it interested the large audience until the end. Almost a Life was first produced here about nine years ago at Gebhart's Opera House, with Harry Eytinge and Maude Granger in the cast. It seems quite strange that it has never been given since until Manager Hall brought it out. The Home co. is doing a "land office business" this week. A Woman of the People was given 2, and on the Glorious Fourth there will be two performances, Who Killed Cock Robin? at the matinee and in the evening a grand spectacular production of The Veteran. Paying the Penalty will be repeated 6. The drama was favorably mentioned in my letter last week. It is undoubtedly a great play, and will certainly call out again all those who had the pleasure of seeing it last week.—CUES: The Grand will have a set of new scenery before the season opens.—Manager J. Clinton Hall contemplates taking Almost a Life on the road next season.—John H. Ready, property master, is a valuable acquisition to Memorial Hall, for his brush and properties have added greatly to the perfect presentations this season.—Manager Larry H. Brist has been troubled during the past two weeks with the yellow jaundice. He is not seriously ill, but is off color, and at present resembles a ripe bamana in the hue of his countenance. He was at one of the hotels yesterday chatting with a few of his friends when a newly-arrived guest rushed up to him with a bundle of laundry, thinking that he was Tun Gee, our resident Chinaman. The joke cost the price of admission to Booth and Barrett.

MANSFIELD.—OPERA HOUSE (Miller and Dittenhoefer, manager): Enos and Wall's Dramatic co

week of June 21 pleased large audiences every evening. The co. is a strong one throughout. Frank Enos is a Mansfield boy. He is a bright young man and a very good actor, with a brilliant future before him. This co. will play an engagement of three weeks at Put-in Bay, a Summer resort, near Sandusky, Ohio, after which they will close for the Summer. The house here will now be closed until Fall. ——ITEM: F. H. Cobb, of the People's Theatre, Toledo, Ohio, has secured the lease of the new Memorial Opera House here. His bid of $1,625 per year was the highest among five bidders. This new theatre will be ready to be opened early in the Fall, and will be a gem in every respect.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—NEW PARK THEATRE (J. P. Howe, lessee and manager): The Lilly Clay Gaiety co. did a large business June 27-30. They play the Sound Circuit, then East over the N. P. R. R. ——ITEMS: While Modjeska's engagement here June 14, 15, at the new Pavilion, was a financial success, it was otherwise a decided failure. It was gross mismanagement to compel an actress of her ability to appear on an artifical stage, built for the occasion in such a hall. Imagine a hall and building used as an Exposition Building, 250x450 feet, with such a stage, and about 1,500 people in this hall, and it will at once occur to you that outside of the few that occupied front seats no one could hear her lines. Of course, with an artisté like Modjeska, her action and facical expressions are half the play, but then to hear the lines is certainly the other half.—In your last issue you stated that the cost of the Marquam (our new theatre) was to be $25,000. This is a mistake; the figures should have been $250,000. Remember that we are a city of 70,000, and we can afford to have a fine theatre, which will be finished by January next. In the meantime some first-class attraction should, through its manager, be making dates for initial performances. ——CIRCUS: Sells Brothers and Barrett's Circus gave four performances here, and it is estimated that they carried $20,000 out of the city.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—SANS SOUCI GARDEN (W. E. White, manager): Dan Mason, with his comedy entitled The Krouse Family, filled the house all last week. The play is full of fun and is in the hands of some very clever people, notably Lizzie Ingles, Fred Warren, Sam J. Ryan, W. J. Sully and Millicent Page. ——WESTMINSTER MUSEE: Hettie Bernard Chase and co. in her play of Little Coquette, scored a hit here last week. The piece was well mounted and introduces many new songs, dances and banjo solos in each act.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. F. O'Neill, manager): The Bijou Opera co. opened a four weeks' return Summer engagement 1, appearing in The Three Black Cloaks and Girofle Girofla for the first week to good houses. May Leyton joined the co. here 5 as Paquita in Girofle. ——ITEMS: Manager O'Neill has some sterling attractions already booked for next season.—B. P. Whitmire, manager of Gilreath Opera House, Greenville, S. C., is in town this week on professional business.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.—JACKSON MOUND PARK (James Wood, manager): Patience is drawing good houses this week. ——ITEMS: A complimentary benefit will be tendered May Duryea 6, when The Merchants' Zouaves will give a lightning drill. Miss Duryea will leave for New York in company with Mr. Deshon, who will be absent two or three weeks, to rehearse for the new piece entitled Mama in which he and Amy James will star next season.—Mlle. Fatmah Diard will suceed Miss Duryea, as the leading lady. The former was the prima donna for two seasons in the Wilbur Opera Co. Mlle. Diard sings in French and Italian.—Leon E. Bailey (Signor Ferroni) baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is here on a visit to his sister, Mrs. L. Mordon.—Emma Leslie, who made a favorable impression here last summer with Patti Stone, and Dixie Hargraves of St. Louis will join the Deshon Opera co., here and remain through the season. The attendance improves every week.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.—SALT LAKE THEATRE (C. S. Burton, manager): Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels drew fair houses June 24, 25. They gave a very good entertainment. A good house witnessed The Paymaster 27, minus Duncan B. Harrison, who sat in a stage box and nursed his broken leg.

VIRGINIA.

ROANOKE.—OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Beckner, manager): The Beethoven Choral Society of this city gave a fine concert to fair business June 27, assisted by Thomas McVeigh, cornettist, formerly of Wilson's Minstrels, and Signor Antonio Millette and McVeigh's solos were the feature of the performance. A large audience witnessed the presentation of Robert Macaire 28 by the Gall Dramatic co. of Lynchburg. After the performance they were escorted to the depot by the Roanoke Light Infantry co.—ITEMS: Sam Daniel of the Granville Comedy co. is home for the Summer.—A new house is being built in Bristol, Tenn. Manager Tennyson has secured it and will run it in connection with his Lynchburg house and the new one here.

WISCONSIN.

MADISON.—TURNER HALL (T. J. Smith, manager): Duncan Clark's Female Minstrels to a very slim house 2.

CANADA.

HALIFAX.—LYCEUM THEATRE: Zera Semon's Novelty co. drew well past two weeks at this house. ——PERSONAL: Louise Laine, our quasi professional singer, is now on a two months' tour through the States.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—MECHANICS' INSTITUTE (D. P. Chisolm, manager): Peck's Bad Boy 1, 2 to large and delighted audiences. ——LANSDOWNE THEATRE (E. A. McDowell, manager): The stock co. in Big Bonanza 1-3; The Lyons Mail 4-6. There has been no falling off in attendance at this house. Indeed St. John is improving as a theatrical town. On the afternoon of 1, Dominion Day, The Two Orphans was presented to a large audience notwithstanding numerous counter attractions.

HAMILTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Thomas Reche, manager): Gilmore's Band gave two concerts in the new Drill Hall 28. The place was packed to the doors at both performances and the band as usual gave entire satisfaction.

MONTREAL.—THEATRE ROYAL (Sparrow and Jacobs, managers): That Boy Next Door, a dramatization of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, did good business all last week. The afternoon and evening of 1 were devoted to a benefit for the attaches of the Royal by Messrs. Sparrow and Jacobs. Besides the regular performance several local minstrel amateurs assisted. A souvenir programme, tastefully printed on embossed white satin, was presented every lady attending the performances. Grayson's Opera co. commences a season of two weeks' light opera 8. This engagement brings the Royal's season to a close.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers and Agents of traveling companies will favor us by sending their dates, mailing them in time to reach us Saturday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A DARK SECRET CO.: Boston, May 13—indefinite.
A. M. PALMER'S CO.: Boston May 20—indefinite.
ARNOLD-GRIFFIN CO.: Parsons, Kas., July 8—week.
AUGUSTIN DALY'S CO.: Salt Lake City, Utah, July 8, 9.
BURGLAR CO.: New York City, indefinite.
BUNNELL-THORNE CO.: Westfield, Mass., July 8, 9, Winsted 10, 11, Thomaston 12, 13, Waterbury 15—18.
BOOTH-BARRETT-MODJESKA CO.: Denver, Col., July 8—week.
BOURNE THEATRE CO.: Manitowac, Wis., July 8—week; Green Bay, 15—week; Oconomowoc July 26—week.
BLUEBEARD JR. CO.: Chicago June 10—indefinite.
CHICAGO COMEDY CO.: Silverton, Col., July 8—week.
DUNCAN B. HARRISON CO.: San Francisco July 1—two weeks.
DAN WARD'S CO.: Providence, R. I., July 8—week.
ENOS-WALL CO.: Put-in-Bay, O., July 1—three weeks.
EDWD. HARRIGAN'S CO.: San Francisco July 1—eight weeks.
EMMA WELLS CO.: Perth, Can., June 3—indefinite.
ETHEL TUCKER: Hornellsville, Pa., July 8—week; Cotsy 15—week; Elmira 22—week.
FRED G. ANDREW'S CO.: Central, Col., July 8—week.
GIBNEY-GORDON-GIBBS COMEDY CO.: Bay City, Mich., July 8—week.
HETTIE BERNARD-CHASE CO.: Chicago, Ill., July 1—indefinite.
IVY LEAF CO.: Leadville, Col., July 10, Pueblo 12, Colorado Springs 13, Denver 15.
J. G. STULTZ CO.: Aberdeen, Dak., July 15—week.
HOWARD-SULLIVAN CO.: Bangor, Me., July 10-13.
KARL GARDNER CO.: San Francisco July 29—two weeks.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY CO.: Chicago, Ill., May 20—indefinite.
LOST IN LONDON CO.: Canton, Dak., July 8, Sheldon, Ia., 9, Fort Dodge 10, Mason City 11, Charles City 12, Prarie du Chien, Wis., 13.
LYCEUM THEATRE (Frohman's) CO.: San Francisco, July 8—week; Los Angeles 15—week; Sacramento 22, 23, Stockton 24, San Jose 25, Oakland 26, 27.
ONE OF THE BRAVEST CO.: Virginia City, Nev., July 10, 11, Carson 12, Reno 13.
OLD JED PROUTY CO.: Sacramento, Cal., July 8, 9, Stockton 10, San Jose 11, Oakland 12, 13.
ROBERT B. MANTELL CO.: San Francisco July 8—two weeks.
SHE (Gilbert-Dickson) CO.: Neenah, Wis., July 9, Manitowac 10, Appleton 11, Green Bay 12, Menominee, Mich., 14, Iron Mountain 15, Red Jacket 16, Houghton 17, Hancock 18, Ishpenning 20.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Sparks) CO.: Mansfield, Pa., July 8, Cannonsburg 9, Washington 10.
WORLD (J. Z. LITTLE'S) CO.: Pittsburg, Pa. July 8—week.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

BOSTONIANS: Sioux City, Ia., July 12-13.
BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO.: Milwaukee May 27—indefinite.
CARLETON OPERA CO.: Cincinnati July 1—indefinite.
HENDERICH'S OPERA CO.: Boston, Mass.—indefinite.
JUVENILE OPERA CO.: N. Y. City—indefinite.
LAMONT OPERA CO.: Washington, D. C.—indefinite.
MACCOLLIN OPERA CO.: Dallas, Tex., July 1—indefinite.
MCCAULL'S CO.: N. Y. City March 11—indefinite.
NOSS FAMILY: Tawas City Mich., July 8, West Branch 9, Pinconning 10, Midland 11, Evart 12, Luther 13.
OOLAH CO.: N. Y. City May 13—indefinite.
SAID PASHA OPERA CO.: St. Louis, Mo., June 24—indefinite.
STANDARD OPERA CO.: Philadelphia May 6—indefinite.
SPENCER OPERA CO.: Buffalo, N. Y., June 17—indefinite.
SHACKFORD OPERA CO.: Kansas City, Mo., June 3—indefinite.
SCHOFIELD'S BANJO CLUB: Muskegon, Mich., July 10, Ludington 13, Manistee 15, Traverse City 17, Petosky 20.
THOMPSON OPERA CO.: Washington, D. C.—indefinite.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM CO.: Chicago—indefinite.
LILY CLAY CO.: San Francisco July 8—week; San Jose 15—Sacramento 17, Carson City Seattle, Wash., 19.
MCGINLEY CO.: Sparta, Ore., July 8.

MINSTRELS.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS: N. Y. City June 17—indefinite.
GOODYEAR, COOK AND DILLON'S MINSTRELS: Butte City, Mont., July 8-10, Logan Utah, 11, Salt Lake City 12, 13.
THATCHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST: Los Angeles July 8—week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARNUM-BAILEY CIRCUS: Haverhill, Mass., July 10, Lawrence 11, Salem 12, Lynn 13.
HILTON'S CARNIVAL: Metamoras, O., July 11-13.
MONTFORD ART EXHIBITION: Montreal, Can., May 6—indefinite.

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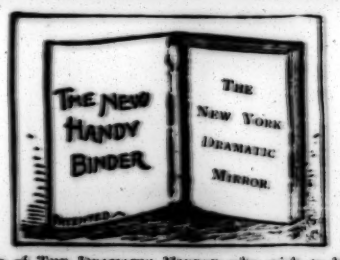

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THE THEATRES OF MEXICO.

As the facilities for communication with our sister republic have, during the past five years, increased so as to place us in very close relationship, as regards trade, several enterprising managers, looking about for new worlds to conquer, have contemplated making this neighboring *terra incognito*, the scene of future operations.

The theatres in the various state capitals, and other important cities of Mexico, offer almost every facility for the production of the most exacting plays, as regards the details of scenery, properties and the other adjuncts. The theatre buildings are large, convenient structures, occupying usually the whole or greater portion of a large block, and they are supplied with many modern conveniences, including plenty of stage-room, good dressing-rooms, vestibules, lights, etc. Like the ubiquitous dome-roofed cathedrals and churches of Mexico they are always built of stone, and that everlasting cement, which for centuries has withstood the successive shocks of earthquakes without sustaining material injury. With few variations they are all modeled after the same general design, and from without are very imposing structures.

The City of Mexico possesses three theatres. These are the Teatro National, the Teatro Principal, and a third-class theatre generally used by variety performers and the lower order of musical combinations. The first of these is a magnificent stone structure, at least as large as the Boston Theatre, and with fully as great a stage and seating capacity; furnished throughout with folding chairs after the most approved modern pattern, and with a highly ornamented interior. The Pantheonic façade above the entrance, which extends the full length of the building, adorned by the regulation allegorical figures is supported by a row of colossal granite pillars, between which you pass into the spacious vestibule. This is paved with cement, and has on the right as you enter, the ticket-offices, etc.; on the left, the entrances to the café, where, on all occasions, countless beverages, intoxicating and otherwise; with names new and strange; wines native and foreign, may be had without stint or limit. Apropos of beverages: under the various designations of Bodegas, Tiendas, Pulquereas and Fondas, the cities of Mexico are abundantly supplied therewith, and the ordinary Mexican bodega, with an average stock, would supply half a dozen of the same class in the North.

Around an opening in the second floor above this vestibule or outer court, extends on four sides an ornamental balustrade with a mosaic stone pavement, opening upon which are several rooms used for offices and various other purposes. Over this balustrade it is customary, while the theatre is filling, for fashionable groups to look down upon the variegated crowd of richly attired hidalgos passing below, through the arched doorways, pausing to purchase *dulcies* from the stands stationed on either hand, as they enter.

The interior of the auditorium is somewhat striking in the style of its decorations, though the chief distinction between this and our own theatres lies in the semi-circular rows of balconies or private boxes, which rise seven tiers high, one above another, like the arches of the Coliseum at Rome. These are entered from passageways that extend round the auditorium at the rear of the boxes, corresponding with the number of tiers, with a separate door for each box, which is designed to hold from four to eight persons. As the caste distinctions in Mexico are very strongly marked, there must always be ample arrangements made for keeping each element of society separate and distinct. Only in the churches and cathedrals are the people allowed to assemble on a common footing.

The vast auditorium of the Teatro National is also used for the annual masquerades, or ballets, which continue for a week or more just preceding Lent, and are attended by the elite of the city. On these occasions the furniture is removed from the body of the house, and the floor, by an ingenious system of jack-screws, is brought up to a level with the stage, so as to form a large ball-room, surrounded by private boxes and seats for the spectators.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into a detailed description of the theatres of Mexico, giving tedious measurements and estimates, even if it were possible; suffice it to say, therefore, that from the seaport city and commercial emporium, Vera Cruz, where all amusement enterprises from abroad must land, to El Paso del Norte—the northermost city of Mexico, where you cross the boundary line, the Rio Grande River, into the United States—abundant railroad facilities for theatrical transportation are to be found. The objective point, after leaving Vera Cruz, is naturally the capital, which is situated about five hundred miles inland; but before reaching this point, about two-thirds of the distance from the coast, the beautiful, flourishing city of Orizaba is reached, situated in the midst of enchanting mountain scenery, and provided with a large and handsome theatre.

From the City of Mexico railways extend in several directions to the important cities of Puebla, Tolucca, Queretero, Guanajuato, New Leoni, Zacatecas, Agsas Calientes—the latter a famous resort, where there is an English speaking colony of about five hundred people—and Chihuahua, the last important city before crossing the Texan border. All these cities are supplied with roomy, convenient theatres, and a large sprinkling of English-speaking people, generally well-to-do.

The Mexican people are fond of all sorts of amusements, but especially of music, possessing naturally an exceedingly fine discriminating ear, and in the larger cities musical culture receives a great deal of attention. The excellence of the Mexican brass bands is well known, as the most noted lately made a tour of our leading cities. This national love for music might possibly enable English opera companies to fare well, while all other forms of dramatic representation, depending on language merely would surely fail. There has been much said in favor of introducing a troupe of negro minstrels into the country, but as yet no manager of such an enterprise has been able to secure a guarantee sufficient to justify him in trying what might prove to be a costly experiment. It is, therefore, well understood that no American theatrical enterprise, except, perhaps, opera or negro minstrelsy would stand the least show for a successful tour.

The Mexican methods of doing business are so devious that they are not to be relied upon in any way whatever. A manager secures an interpreter—usually a sleek, plausible scamp—for about five dollars a day, who is naturally expected to work for his interest. The scoundrel immediately goes to the local manager of the theatre with whom the traveling manager has to deal, and offers his services there, promising, for a consideration, to "sell out" his first employer and to deliver him bound, hand and foot; which he usually succeeds in doing. Then, after he has succeeded in "doing up" his first employer, he will have the cheek to solicit him for a present in addition for his faithful services.

The population is divided into two groups—peons and hidalgos. The latter have some education; but the former are absolutely ignorant, excepting that they show the animal instinct to provide themselves with the meagre daily necessaries of life. The latter class are intriguants by nature. Their business habits are tortuous, and from the time they wake in the morning until they go to rest, they seem to be studying how to put up a job on somebody who has a little means at command. Your Mexican does not consider there is anything wrong about this. When reproached with crookedness he simply shows his white teeth with a bland smile, and hugs himself with pleasure that he has been clever enough to get the better of the "gringo." Tricks are not tried on the natives, because there is no money to be made there. The large towns swarm with lawyers, and once in their clutches, it is *adois dinero*. For everything you do, fees, charges, and counter-charges crop up on every hand, and they must be settled, else you will have no peace.

In every one of the large cities of Mexico there are three or four mercenaries known by the dignified title of "Judges," whose office it is to exercise a species of inquisitorial censorship over the amusement department. These festive fathers are expected to attend the theatres, bull-fights, circuses, and other places of amusement, and decide whether the performance is legitimate, and when they feel so disposed, to applaud by pounding the floor with their canes or staves, thus making the piece a "go." Not one of the audience dares make any demonstration of approval, until the Judges have begun; then it is expected that all the grandees in the gallery, and all the other occupants of the theatre, from pit to dome, shall applaud to the echo.

Every thrifty manager, whether foreigner or native, before he can hope to succeed with his enterprise, must look after these worthies; and, as they enter the theatre, fill their broad palms with *pesos*, or he may lament that his performance is so lacking in the elements that call forth applause. It is also in the province of their discretion to see that the curtain rises at the proper juncture. No matter whether the stage manager is ready or not, or if the carpenters have not finished setting the stage. The artists may not be costumed, and all the other arrangements incomplete; but if the judges think the proper moment for the rise of the curtain has arrived up it must go. Word is sent back to the stage manager from their royal highnesses to this effect, and should he disregard the mandate, he may be clapped into prison for an indefinite period or subjected to the payment of a heavy fine.

Apropos to the discussion of this species of "protection," the following incident will illustrate Mexican ideas of what constitute the rights of the people. An enterprising manager arrived in Monterey with a star bull-fighter, and half-a-score of bulls which were to be slain during the hostilities in the ensanguined arena. It happened, however, that when these lords of lowing herds were turned into the ring, and were brought face to face with the vaqueros on horseback, and the nimble champions of the red flag, the picadores and the matador on foot, they showed the white feather, and beat an inglorious retreat around the arena, bellowing for mercy to the infinite disgust of the assembled thousands, eager to witness the shedding of blood. The result was that the unfortunate ower of the cowardly beasts, on the representation of the judges, was arrested and fined three hundred dollars because his bulls would not fight.

Those thrifty circus managers, the Orrin Brothers, by numerous gifts to the church and popular charities and by presenting fountains to the public parks, have managed to make themselves immensely popular with all classes of people, and have apparently secured a life lease of the convenient grounds occupied by their tents for some few seasons adjoining the Zocalo and the celebrated Cathedral of Mexico. They had just imported among other novelties two artists, man and wife, whose specialty was, by means of ingenious mechanical contrivances, "walking on the water." The irrepressable "Council of Three," *pro bono publico*, went nosing around the dressing-rooms, among the circus properties, and succeeded in getting a view of the immense water tank and other "fakements" by means of which the feat was accomplished. The people were paying to see "walking on the water," while the appliances that here met their inquisitorial glances, according to the judges' ideas, proved the whole business to be a delusion and a snare. The act was accordingly declared illegal and the artists each fined twenty-five dollars, and a repetition was to be followed by a severer fine and imprisonment. A fund was subscribed by some charitably disposed persons, and the unfortunate couple were sent back to the States.

Not the least of the vicissitudes experienced by a late English opera company, while making its memorable tour through Mexico, was the frequent and unforeseen difficulties which arose in connection with the transportation of the baggage. Frequently everything would "stick right there," and it would be utterly impossible to induce a man to touch a trunk or a box. Finally, after much mysterious consultation among themselves, and the use of a little extra *plata* on the opera company's part, the open sesame would be found, and things would move on again until another snag was struck.

The theatre of Guanajuato is located about a mile and a half from the depot, and arrangements had been made with a so-called express company to transport the baggage to the depot in time for the train. At the last moment the company were coolly informed by the managers of the "express company" that their mules had strayed off over the mountains, and they would get round with the *carrolls*, or carts, next morning; and this was said with an exasperating nonchalance that would make a man strike his grandmother. The baggage man of the company, being an individual fruitful of resource, as all members of his class should be, contrived, at this juncture, to get hold of the leader of a group of *carcadorès*, or burden-bearers, who agreed to carry the *bultos*, or boxes, on their backs—their manner of carrying everything, from a hand-satchel to a piano weighing four or five hundred pounds. These *carcadorès* are little, wiry fellows, but they "get there just the same." By means of a broad strap across the forehead, their diminutive, half-naked bodies bent nearly double, scarcely discernable beneath their immense burdens, consisting of tremendous wardrobe cases and large heavy trunks—one to each man—they moved down the Mexican street like an army of gigantic turtles, the distance of a mile and a half, scarcely stopping to rest on their weary way and reached the train in time. When asked what remuneration was required for this most signal service, which had in the nick of time enabled the manager to make his next stand, the master of transportation for the opera company, was paralyzed with the information that each *hombre* would expect *dos reals*, about twenty-five cents, for his services.

The entire absence of the great middle-class, from which the principal patronage of American theatres is drawn, reduces the elements upon which Northern managers must depend in Mexico, to the wealthier upper classes, the Castilianos and Hidalgos and the foreign residents, who are quite numerous. The latter consists of Germans, French, English and Americans, the latter being largely in the minority. They are usually quiet, well-to-do, being principally merchants, men interested in railroads and mining stocks and shipping interests; the somewhat limited number of manufacturers who have managed to exist until they have established themselves on a firm footing, and lastly the tourists, who during the last three years have become wonderfully plentiful. But the theatres are there ready to be occupied, and it is a matter of wonder to Americans to find them so roomy and imposing. Still, there is a great inducement to wealthy Americans to put their money into these vast and apparently poorly paying establishments. There is no tax on real estate here in this "economical country;" besides, it gives the owner of a theatre a standing and local prominence that nothing else will, to be regarded as one of the chief pillars of the body corporate, and introduces him into many a scheme for lining his purse. Besides, the principal property owners compose the body of the Mexican Congress.

T. P. PRICE.

KELLAR SAW A SNAKE.

They had been talking of "The Lady of Fire," that Mephistophelean story of Nym Crinkle's, and the subject led one of the party to relate some of his adventures in India, of which cobras seemed to enter largely.

"Speaking of snakes," said Kellar, the prestidigitateur, "I've been in India and witnessed many of the results of monkeying with cobras; but for a thorough, unadulterated scare I never received anything like that I had in Brazil.

"We, that is my party, had arrived about nightfall in Paranguilla, and I at once proceeded to a hotel to rest myself, being very tired after the journey. The principal occupation of the people there seems to be resting. The sleeping apartment I was shown to was large and airy; but the bed—ye gods! three ply of sheet iron on a foundation of brick would have been soft compared to it. However, as I did not have to give an entertainment until next evening I tackled it, intending to take a long, refreshing sleep. Drawing the mosquito bars—with which every bed in that country is provided owing to the unsocial character of the winged natives—tightly around me. I sank sweetly and calmly to slumber.

I don't know exactly how long I was in that condition when I felt myself gradually awakening. It seemed as if some strange sound, not loud, but penetrating, was permeating my apartment. When I gained waking sense enough to analyze the noise, it sounded like escaping steam; this I knew, however, to be improbable, but still the hissing continued until it terminated suddenly with a sharp squeak. I arose in bed and peered into the darkness.

"At first I could see nothing; but finally, when my eyes grew accustomed to the light what was my horror to see a huge anaconda, about as thick as a man's thigh and the Lord knows how long, slowly wriggling across the floor. My fright was fearful. To think of such an ending to my vaulting ambition! I, that had appeared with credit before the crowned heads of Europe and the grand moguls of Asia to finally wind up by making an indifferent meal for a hungry South American snake! It was too horrible. I shouted for help. I beat my hands and butted my head against the board partition of my room, to attract outside attention."

"I suppose you thought the appearance of some one in answer to your call would fill the vacancy in the snake," ventured the DRAMATIC MIRROR representative.

Kellar paid no attention to the interruption, but continued: "It seemed an interminable length of time until the landlord entered, with a light, and coolly asked what was the matter.

"'Matter!' cried I, 'Isn't that matter enough?' pointing to the huge serpent, coiled in one corner of the room.

"After looking at the reptile a moment, probably to see that I had not hurt it, he said, 'Why, that is my pet anaconda. I keep it for ridding the house of vermin. It is customary to keep such snakes here for that purpose. I have holes cut in the different rooms to facilitate his search for the vermin. Here is a large hole in the bottom of your door.'

"I was amazed, but managed to stammer my horror of all creeping things, and anacondas in particular, and requested him to remove his pet. This he proceeded to do by throwing a couple of coils of his Rough on Rats' over his shoulder, and grabbing it by the back of the neck, marched out with it.

"You can bet I nailed a large piece of tin over the hole in my bedroom door before I went to sleep again."

REFLECTIONS.

BERTIE CONWAY has been engaged for the Bunch of Keys company.

HENRY GUY CARLETON is at work on a new play for the Lyceum Theatre.

H. S. TAYLOR sailed for Europe on Wednesday last, on the *Adriatic*. He will return on August 15.

JACOB LITT has leased the People's Theatre, Minneapolis, and will conduct it as a popular-priced house.

CHARLES FROHMAN will return to this city next week from San Francisco accompanied by Al. Hayman.

THE dramatic season of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre will open on Sept. 2 with Bristol's Equescurriculum.

THE new play for the Lyceum Theatre now being collaborated by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop is to be ready by Nov. 1.

DOT CLARENDON has been engaged to go on tour with Burr McIntosh, to the different bathing resorts, opening at Cape May to-morrow (Thursday).

MYER ELSAS, formerly manager for N. S. Wood and Harry William's Kindergarten company has been appointed an excise inspector in this city.

W. J. FLEMING'S tour in Around the World is almost entirely filled. Time is now being booked for 1890-91 for a new spectacular production under Mr. Fleming's management.

THE company which will support Henry E. Disey in The Seven Ages, is styled Rice's Coterie of Artists. The first rehearsal is called for August 22 at the Standard Theatre.

SHANNON AND WILLIAMS have been engaged by Mr. Golinski, a literary gentleman of Savannah, Ga., to rewrite his play of Recalled. The firm reports that their advertisement in THE MIRROR is bringing in letters from all over the country.

THE Brigands will open its road tour at the Hollis' Street Theatre, Boston, for four weeks, on September 16. It is probable that the opera will also be continued at the Casino as the business at present warrants its continuance for many weeks yet.

HARRY MEREDITH'S play, A Perilous Voyage, will be given its first metropolitan production in San Francisco at the Bijou Theatre on July 24, with Lewis Morrison and Stella Rees in the principal parts.

THE benefit to Messrs. Meyers and Shelley the treasurers of the Windsor Theatre, on Monday, netted those gentlemen a satisfactory sum. Among those who appeared were Weber and Fields, Den McCarthy, Kelly and Murphy, Miss Rosini and Dalton and Watts.

KATHERINE COLEMAN returned to this city from the South recently and will begin engaging her people for the Among the Pines company next week. She will then go abroad for a short business trip, returning about Aug. 1, and opening her season at Matteawan, N. Y., on Sept. 2.

RICH AND ROSENBAUM have engaged the following artists for their Evangeline company, which opens its season at the Hollis' Street Theatre, Boston, September 2: Yolande Wallace, Marie Bartlett, Mae Branson, Miss L. Lorraine, Peter F. Dailey, Gus Frankel, Joseph C. Callahan and James S. Maffit.

RUDOLPH ARONSON'S OPERA COMPANY, under the management of Nat. Roth, will open its season in Erminie and Nadjy, at Syracuse, Sept. 30. The company includes Helen Lamont, Emma Hanley, Miss Maillard, James Wilson, and Louis De Lange. Miss Lamont is now in Europe, securing new costume plates for the operas. She will return on the *Elbe* August 5.

AMONG the engagements which S. P. Cooney, who is now in Europe, has made for the Howard Atheneum company are Lettie Collins, a dancer in Letty Lind style. Marvell and his troupe of trained dogs and cockatoos, Wilton and Mora, horizontal bar artists; Florence, a boy singer, and the Horne Brothers in a comedy sketch. Added to these will be the old favorites, the Cinquevallis, Ida Heath, the Irwin Sisters, Wood and Shephard, and Dutch Daly.

HARRY MEREDITH has been engaged by Klaw and Erlanger for the heroic role of Bill Webster, the captain of the Life Savers in the Great Metropolis to be produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre on August 31. Rehearsals will begin on August 1, continuing a full month. Three full dress rehearsals will be given before the piece is produced. The chief scene of the play is that of the life-saving station from which a hawser is thrown to a sinking ship. All of the effects are to be entirely new, and most of them will be covered by patents.

STANFIELD'S SCENIC WORK.

An interesting glimpse of the work of the great pioneer of English scenic art is disclosed by a curious old play bill belonging to Frank Murtha, of the Windsor Theatre. It is of the date of April 12, 1830, and of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The first play was Richard III., and it was doubtless a rich treat, as Gloster was interpreted by Kean, Buckingham by Cooper and Richmond by Wallack. The play was followed by one of those spectacular extravaganzas which seem indigenous to England, and, with the possible exceptions of the first productions of The Black Crook and The White Fawn, seems never to have been transplanted to this country. The play-bill calls it "A Melodramatic Tale of Enchantment" and its title was "The Dragon's Gift; or, the Scarf of Flight and Mirror of Light." The production must have been of a very elaborate character, as it was claimed that several months had been occupied in its preparation and quite a number of persons were named as responsible for the costumes, mechanical arrangements and pageantry.

The programme describes the scenes, which were painted by Stanfield, Andrews, Marinari and Adams, the description giving a faint idea of the fanciful productions for which English artists have been famous and of the elaborate mechanical effects employed. The first scene was by Stanfield, and represented "a Tartary Encampment on the Hungry Desert by moonlight, with appearance of the Dragon King and the ascent of the Scarf of Flight." The second scene, by the same artist, was "a view in a Central Province of China." The third was a "Forest and Ruined Pagoda," while the fourth is called a "Hall of State in the Viceroy's Palace with a grand marriage procession and splendid banquet." The second act opened with a scene by Stanfield, the very name of which suggests the memory of the gorgeous pictures of John Martin. It is called "The Gardens of Splendor and Lake of Light beyond the limits of the world." Queen Victoria said of Stanfield that the broken leg which drove him from a seafaring life to the study of art was a "happy accident for the nation."

The second scene was "The Terrace of the Viceroy's Palace by Moonlight;" the third, "Sleeping Apartments of the Viceroy." The fourth scene by Stanfield seems to have been a transformation, being described as "a chamber in the Palace and expansion of the Mirror of Light, and distant view of the Perilous Mountain and descent of the Scarf of Flight." The last scene appears to have taxed the skill of the three artists Adams, Andrews and Stanfield, and was called the "Cavern of the Graven Stone in the Perilous Mountain on the Banks of the Yellow River." The mixture of the gorgeous but quaint Orientalism of the Chinese, with the fantastic mysteries of Chinese mythology, must have been a fertile field of spectacular effect, in form and color. The actors included Young, Bedford, Webster, Fenton, and Wallack.

In these days of headlong rush and self-complacency, an occasional glance at the excellent work of the past should prove instructive and stimulating to the present generation of scene painters.

IN THE COURTS.

THE LONG DRAWN OUT FAUNTLEROY SUIT.

All the hearings held last week before Ex-Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins, as referee, in his investigation of Manager Frank W. Sanger's claim to a share of the out-of-town profits of Little Lord Fauntleroy from Manager T. Henry French, were occupied in the continuation of Mr. Sanger's cross-examination by Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer. Mr. Sanger was questioned minutely concerning the plays in which he had an interest with Manager French, including In His Power, Harbor Lights, Going It, Bells of Haselmere, Mr. Barnes of New York, The Kaffir Diamond, A Bunch of Keys, Turned Up, and Katti. Mr. Sanger stated that he was interested in other plays to the extent of receiving commissions for collecting the royalties. He testified that his agreement with Mr. French gave him an option to go into any plays which Mr. French had. They were to have an option to purchase or have an interest in any plays that either one of them might control with a view to producing the same at the Broadway Theatre for the benefit of the theatre. Had this agreement not been made he asserted he would not have entered into the Broadway Theatre scheme.

An important piece of evidence was introduced in the form of a letter written by Manager Sanger to Mr. French, while the latter was in London, on June 8, 1888, and it will be used to show that Sanger knew that he had no interest in Little Lord Fauntleroy. In it he said, "What arrangements have you made regarding Little Lord Fauntleroy, and if we produce it at the Broadway Theatre do I get a chance for a bit of it? If this is an impertinent question you need not answer." Mr. Sanger received no reply to the letter.

Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer also put in evidence the answer sworn to by Messrs. Sanger and French to the complaint of Emily Rigl, in her suit against them for damages for breach of contract. Mr. Sanger swore to the answer on Jan. 4 last, and denied the allegation that he and Mr. French were partners. Mr. Sanger admitted that he had not paid any part of the expenses for the first production of the play in Boston in September last, neither had he paid anything on account of the purchase of the play. The contract for the production there was between Manager French and Mr. Field. Mr. Sanger had not received any returns from this production, and it was the first time he had not during their partnership over plays.

Mr. Sanger also testified that his duties as manager were to look after any plays to be produced at the Broadway Theatre and after that to exploit them on the road. Six weeks before Mr. French went to Europe last Summer, Mr. Sanger said he told him about the book Little Lord Fauntleroy. When manager French returned he told his partner that he had devoted his entire time from the moment he arrived in London in securing the play. Mrs. Burnett he found to be a very difficult woman, to approach and she compelled him to wait for her two or three hours before he could get an interview with her. She seemed to expect a lot of compliments and to be told what a great writer she was. She was the most difficult woman to deal with, Mr. French told his partner, that he had ever met. If it had not been for him they never would have secured the play, and he especially told Mr. Sanger that if he had left it to his father they would not have had it.

While the play was running Mr. Sanger testified that he always sent the profits and royalties to T. Henry French and never deducted anything for his share of the profits.

The inquiry will be resumed this week.

THE GILLIG-BARRETT CASE.

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court last week appointed Austen G. Fox referee, to examine the accounts and report to the Court the result, in the suit brought by Henry F. Gillig, former manager of the American Exchange in Europe, limited, against Lawrence Barrett. This suit is based upon a claim that Mr. Barrett owes some thousands of dollars to Mr. Gillig, under an agreement to pay the latter ten per cent of his profits of the Booth-Barrett combination, for having carried his notes, and secured funds for him when he was in financial trouble several years ago.

J. M. HILL PURGED OF CONTEMPT.

Judge Holmes, of the City Court, considered that the explanation which Manager J. M. Hill gave him last week for the interference with a Deputy Sheriff while the latter was endeavoring to execute a writ of replevin at the Union Square Theatre, was entirely satisfactory. The writ was to secure some of the costumes of the Ardrieli Opera company which were claimed by the Eaves Costume company. The Judge denied the motion to punish Mr. Hill for alleged contempt of court.

Manager Hill explained that he was not present when the officer appeared at the theatre, and was not aware that a replevin suit was pending. He had been notified that the claim against him would be settled for $150, and had placed the goods in the hands of an auctioneer for sale. The manager declared that his employes did not resist the Sheriff but had only carried out his orders, without knowing that they were doing any legal wrong by refusing to permit any one to enter the theatre without permission from him.

The Judge thought that the Manager's disclaimer of any intention to interfere with the Sheriff's officer was conclusive, and said: "It does not appear that the defendant knew the Deputy Sheriff was seeking admittance to the theatre when his employé, Finn, denied admittance to the Deputy Sheriff. The charge of assault is disproved. The refusal of Finn was pursuant to what seems to me is a reasonable rule of the theatre. The Deputy Sheriff had not been identified and did not exhibit any badge of his authority. I cannot find the defendant guilty of contempt upon the evidence here presented. It does not seem to me that there was any resistance to the mandate of the court on the part of the defendant, or of any one else at his request, or with his knowledge."

A LIST OF OPENINGS.

NEW YORK.

Lyceum—Aug. 19, E. H. Sothern in Lord Chumley.
Fifth Avenue—Aug. 19, Adelaide Moore in The Love Story.
Bijou—Aug. 5, The Lion and the Lamb.
Windsor—Sept. 2, Lost in Africa.
People's—Aug. 19, unsettled.
Union Square—Aug. 26, The County Fair.
Standard—Aug. 19, Imre Kiralfy's Spectacle.
Star—Sept. 2, Shenandoah.
Fourteenth Street—Aug. 26, Mankind.
Grand Opera House—Aug. 19—Unsettled.
Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre—Aug. 31, The Great Metropolis.
Academy of Music—Aug. 26, The Old Homestead.
Niblo's Garden—Aug. 19, Bolossy Kiralfy's Spectacle.
Hammerstein's Harlem Theatre—Sept. 23, The Boston Ideals.
Third Avenue Theatre—Aug. 12.
The 148th Street Theatre—Sept. 9.

BROOKLYN.

Lee Avenue Academy of Music—Sept. 2. Bric-a-Brac.
Col. Sinn's Park Theatre—Sept. 2.
Grand Opera House—Sept. 2.
Amphion Academy—Sept. 2.

PHILADELPHIA.

Broad Street Theatre—Sept. 23, The Carleton Opera company.
Walnut Street Theatre—Aug. 31, Hands Across the Sea.
Arch Street Theatre—Sept. 2, The Burglar.
Chestnut Street Opera House—Sept. 2, The Exiles.
Chestnut Street Theatre—Aug. 19, The Beautiful Slave.
Park Theatre—Sept. 16, Annie Pixley.

BOSTON.

Hollis Street Theatre—Sept. 2, Evangeline.
Globe Theatre—Aug. 19, Lizzie Evans.
Boston Museum—Sept. 2, Hands Across the Sea.
Park Theatre—Sept. 19, Mr. Gillette in The Private Secretary.

PITTSBURG.

Grand Opera House—Aug. 12, Dockstader's Minstrels.
Bijou—Aug. 19, unsettled.

CLEVELAND.

Lyceum Theatre—Sept. 2, W. J. Scanlan.
Euclid Avenue—Sept. 2, Hallen and Hart.

BALTIMORE.

Academy of Music—Aug. 26, After Dark.
Albaugh's—Sept. 2, Arthur Rehan's company.

WASHINGTON.

Harris' Theatre—Sept. 2, After Dark.
Albaugh's—Sept. 9, Arthur Rehan's company.

CHICAGO.

Columbia Theatre—Sept. 2, Thos. W. Keene.
Hooley's—Aug. 19, J. K. Emmet.
McVicker's—Aug. 26, Marie Wainwright.
Havlin's—Sept. 16, Kellar's.

ST. LOUIS.

Olympic Theatre—Aug. 26, Dockstader's.
Grand Opera House—Sept. 2.
Pope's—Aug. 19.

ST. PAUL.

Newmarket Theatre—Aug. 19, Lyceum Theatre company.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House—Aug. 19, Haverly's Minstrels.
Hennepin Avenue Opera House—Aug. 26, Newton Beers in Enoch Arden.

MILWAUKEE.

Academy of Music—Aug. 26, The Corsair.
Grand Opera House—Aug. 26, Unsettled.
Bijou—Aug. 19, Frank Mayo.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis Theatre—Sept. 30, Lizzie Evans.

CINCINNATI.

Grand Opera House—Aug. 19.
Heuck's—Aug. 19, Unsettled.

KANSAS CITY.

Coates' Opera House—Sept. 2.
Gillis' Opera House—Sept. 2.

COLUMBUS, O.

Grand Opera House—Sept. 2, Oliver Doud Byron.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's Theatre—Sept. 2.

DETROIT.

Miner's Theatre—Aug. 2, Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels.
Detroit Opera House—Sept. 9, Nat Goodwin.
Whitney's—Aug. 19, The Royal Pass.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House—Aug. 26, Hallen and Hart.

MONTREAL.

Academy of Music—Sept. 2, unsettled.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music—Sept. 2, Vernona Jarbeau.
Star Theatre—Sept. 2, Mlle. Rhea.

NEW ORLEANS.

Grand Opera House—Sept. 19, Herbert Marsden.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Interstate Drill week (commencing Oct. 14) is open at Owens' Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C. This is said to be an excellent opening for a good attraction.

Charles Charters is engaged for the part of Harry Swift, in Ferncliff, during the season of 1889-90.

Mrs. Isabella Preston, first old woman and character business, is at liberty. Mrs. Preston may be addressed at 57 West Eleventh Street, New York, or agents.

Kate Foley is reported to have made a distinct hit at the Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, Ohio. Her engagement there will close Aug. 10, and after that date she will be at liberty.

All contracts made by the retiring manager of the Amesbury Opera House, at Amesbury, Mass., will be carried out by the present manager, P. Bartlett Greene. Parties holding contracts with the former manager are requested to communicate with Mr. Greene.

All companies intending to tour the South are invited to book time at the Owens Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C. For open dates managers will please address Will T. Keogh, care Klaw and Erlanger's, 25 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

Lawrence Hanley is receiving high commendation from the Western press for his excellent work in supporting Modjeska in such roles as Armand in Camille, Orlando in As You Like It, Maurice De Saxe in Adrienne Lecouvreur, etc. Mr. Hanley has been re-engaged by Lawrence Barrett for the latter's new play.

Walter Emerson, the cornet virtuoso with Emerson's Boston Stars, requests all communications for him to be addressed to Albert Patterson, No. 61 East Twenty-fifth Street, New York.

Marion P. Clifton for the last three seasons with Maggie Mitchell, is at liberty and may be engaged for first old woman or character roles.

Inez Louise Vane is at liberty.

Managers will be furnished with artists, musical directors, etc., by addressing Henry Wolfsohn's Musical Bureau, No. 331 East Fourteenth Street.

All communications for Robert Taber are requested to be addressed to him, care of No. 22 East Sixty-seventh Street, New York.

The Opera House at Weedsport, N. Y., under the management of H. D. Brown, will share or rent.

Manager J. L. Brasington, of the Camden Opera House, Camden, S. C., has good open time for 1889-'90.

Lulu Hamilton, now playing Josephine in Juvenile Opera company, is disengaged for season of 1889-'90. May Wadsworth-Hamilton is also at liberty.

Managers are requested to address all communications for open time at the Masonic Temple Theatre, Louisville, Ky., to Emile Bourlier, care Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

Celie Ellis will be at liberty after July 13, and may be engaged for soubrette and mezzo soprano comic opera roles for the balance of the Summer or for next season.

Agnes Herndon's tour during the coming season will be a strong attraction for managers throughout the country. Miss Herndon possesses in a marked degree the attributes that command success, viz: acknowledged talent and beauty. These requisites, coupled with a repertoire of unhackneyed and entertaining plays, indicate almost to a certainty that her starring tour this season cannot be otherwise than a successful one. Miss Herndon is backed by Dr. H. M. Ried, of Minneapolis, a gentleman possessed of large means, and who, it is said, will invest $60,000 in the enterprise. The repertoire which Miss Herndon will present includes La Belle Marie, a strong emotional play which has been a pronounced success; A War Heroine, (written by Miss Herndon), a comedy drama idealizing for the first time the heroic women of the late war; The Mesmerist, which has a duel scene in which Miss Herndon takes part, and a musical farce-comedy The Commercial Tourist's Bride. Managers will please address Dr. H. M. Ried, manager and proprietor, or Maze Edwards, care Klaw and Erlanger, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

The management of the Burtis Opera House at Davenport, Ia., has passed into the hands of A. C. Mann. The house has been newly refitted and redecorated. Electric lights and the latest improvements have been introduced. Address Manager A. C. Mann, as above, or Klaw and Erlanger, New York.

The Metropolitan Theatre, now building at Denver, Colorado, will be completed and opened on Sept. 2. It is said that the Metropolitan will be the largest, handsomest, most commodious and safest theatre West of New York, replete with all modern improvements and conveniences, including ladies' retiring rooms, gentlemen's smoking rooms, and promenade *foyer*. The house will be furnished throughout with Wilton carpets and lighted by electric lights and gas. The stage will be 100 feet wide, 46 feet deep, 75 feet in height, 50 feet proscenium opening, and will be fitted with all the latest appliances to meet the requirements of the most elaborate productions. There will be an orchestra composed of seventeen first-class musicians. The Metropolitan is said to be the only building in Denver devoted in its entirety exclusively to theatrical purposes. The actual seating capacity is 2,384. The scale of prices is graded from twenty-five cents to $1.50, and it is calculated that at these figures the house will hold $1,717.75. The seating arrangements are claimed to be the most comfortable of any house in the West. The house is now booking for seasons 1889-90-91. First-class attractions only played on percentage or certainty. Managers will please address all communications to C. M. F. Bush, Manager Metropolitan Theatre, Denver, Col.

John Fay Palmer's spectacular production of Bulwer's historical masterpiece, The Last Days of Pompeii, will be produced at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, July 22, prior to its road tour, which will commence Sept. 2. It was incorrectly stated last week that George A. D. Johnson was engaged to create the leading role in this play. Mr. Johnson has not been engaged for any part in this production. The play will be interpreted by a selected company of New York actors, including John M. Sturgeon, T. E. Garrick, J. S. Williams, William Stuart, Jeannette Ferrell (three seasons with Augustin Daly), Eleanor Collier (daughter of Edmund Collier), Sarah Alexander and other equally well-known artists. Elaborate scenery is being painted by Simon Moesta. New and startling mechanical effects and magnificent classic costumes are being designed by artists who have got orders to spare no expense.

Jay Hunt, the versatile comedian, is reported to have met with signal success on his starring tours in New England, where he is said to be a favorite with theatregoers. Mr. Hunt will make his third annual tour of New England during the coming season. He will have an experienced and thoroughly competent company. He will have no amateurs or novices in his organization. The company will be under the personal management of C. W. Currier. The repertoire will comprise light musical comedy and drama, introducing new music and new songs and dances. The Strobridge Printing Company have furnished new and elegant lithographic and stand work in abundance. Managers will please address all communications to C. W. Currier, lock box 836, Amesbury, Mass.

The New Grand Opera House, now building at Johnstown, New York, will be, it is claimed, one of the handsomest and most complete theatres in the Empire State. Johnstown is situated forty miles West of Albany and Troy, has a population of 10,000 and is a live manufacturing town. It is said to be the best theatrical town of its size in the State. The house will be equipped with all modern improvements and will be comfortably furnished and handsomely decorated throughout. There will be twelve large dressing-rooms, seventeen sets of scenery, and a large number of set pieces. The stage is ample enough for the most elaborate spectacular productions. The house will seat 1,200. The management state that they can play every attraction on the road to first-class business. No passes are issued to stockholders or city officers. The New Grand will be ready to open about Oct. 15. Only first-class attractions will be played. Managers are requested to address all communications to C. H. Hall, secretary New Grand Opera House company, Johnstown, New York.

The automatic opera-glass box in theatres is one of those useful inventions that makes people ask why was not it thought of before. It is now extensively in use in the theatres of this country, and the manufacturers have introduced agencies in London and Paris. The Opera-Glass Supply Company, No. 45 Broadway, New York, is the main office. The company has a paid-up capital of $500,000, and a reserve fund of $100,000 for the protection of patents. The company and its sub-companies now hold contracts for 150 theatres in the United States and Canada. Managers of theatres and halls are requested to write now for blank contracts, as no contracts will be made for next season after July 31. Managers are also warned against infringers, as the former will be held responsible for all damages.

FOR RENT.
ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 1,000. Population of town, 10,000. Suburban towns, 30,000. Good stage. Ten sets of scenery. Will rent to right party for three, five or ten years. Best of reason for renting. A good show town. House recently remodeled. References given if required. Address WM. H. TROWBRIDGE, Prop., South Framingham, Mass.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Contracts for 1889-90 must be presented and agreed to by me. Now booking. Fair dates open. E. B. CADY, Manager.

NOTICE.
ROBERT DOWNING,
Having severed his connection with JOSEPH H. MACK, is now booking his
New Romantic Drama,
"Count Claudio,"
For season of 1889-90. Managers holding time address all communications Messrs. KLAW & ERLANGER, 25 West 30th Street.
Personal address of Mr. Downing, Edgemere, Bennings, D. C.

MAGGIE MITCHELL
SEASON 1889-90.
SUPPORTED BY
MR. CHARLES ABBOTT.
TIME RAPIDLY FILLING.
Address all communications to WM. L. LYKENS, Manager, Care of H. S. Taylor, No. 25 W. 30th St., New York.

LAURA BURT.
DISENGAGED.
Address 1162 Broadway.

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LEADING JUVENILE BUSINESS with MISS ROSE COGHLAN.
GASTON MARCEL in JOCELYN
SEASON 1889-90.

MARGARET MATHER.
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DONNELLY and GIRARD,
In the Great Success,
NATURAL GAS.
Season 1889-90.
Address ALBERT RIDDLE, Frohman's, 1267 B'way, N. Y.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD
Will begin his next season at the
GLOBE THEATRE, BOSTON,
In October next in
RICHARD III.
As produced by him at the GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON
MR. R. D. PRICE, Manager.

EDWARDS & M'DOWELL'S
Muggs' Landing Co.
6th Year of the Laughing Success. 6th
ALFRED McDOWELL,
In his original creation of ASA G. BECK, Land Agent. Western and Southern managers send in open time, best terms, etc.
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NOTICE.
I have secured the right and title for
ZOZO, The Magic Queen,
and will produce same coming season with entirely new scenery, costumes, mechanical and light effects. T. E. MILLS.
Also representing C. R. Gardiner, He, She, Him and Her, The Beautiful Slave, etc. Address care of Mirror.

Notice to Managers.
All Managers of Theatres are hereby notified that
ANNIE PIXLEY
is the exclusive owner of
M'LISS,
and that in the event of allowing any production of M'LISS in their theatres they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
ROBERT PULFORD.

WILLIAM C. ANDREWS
RE-ENGAGED
Roland Reed Company.
FIFTH SEASON. 1889-90

WEBSTER-BRADY'S
SHE,
SEASON 1889-90. NOW BOOKING
DION BOUCICAULT'S
AFTER DARK.
SEASON 1889-90.
For open time, address W. W. RANDALL, 1185 Broadway.

J. H. WALLICK
Address all communications
Hollyrood Stock Farm, Circleville, Orange County, N. Y.
SEASON WILL OPEN ABOUT THE 9TH OF SEPTEMBER

PERKINS GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
POPULATION, 40,000. Only theatre in the city centrally located. Seating capacity, 1,400. Ground floor. One of the finest theatres in the State. First-class bookings wanted. Fine attractions wanted for week of SEPT. 2, 1889, (being week of County Fair.)

WARNING.
It having come to our notice that several unscrupulous parties have threatened to produce plagiarized versions of the following plays,
The Ivy Leaf. The Fairy's Well, Loch-na-Mar and Granauaille,
or plays with titles colorably imitating the above, we take this method of notifying all reputable managers throughout the United States and Canada that the sole and exclusive proprietor of these plays is
MR. WILLIAM H. POWER.
And that we shall take summary legal proceedings against any person attempting to perform any of Mr. Power's plays, and prosecute such persons to the utmost rigor of the law.
[illegible] & HUMMEL, Attorneys-at-Law, N. Y. City.

GLEANINGS.

W. H. ELWOOD has signed with the Held by the Enemy company for next season.

H. S. TAYLOR has engaged J. W. Herbert, R. O. Roberts, Bertha Foy and several other well known professionals for Kicks and Kisses, the new musical farce comedy he intends to put on the road next season.

DOUGLAS ATHERTON, an English comedian of some note, is to star in this country next season in a piece called Oh, For a Man, which was produced at the London Haymarket Theatre about two years ago.

THE properties for Marie Wainwright's production of The Twelfth Night will shortly be exhibited at the Star Theatre, admittance to be by ticket only. They are the work of Edwin Siedl, the property man of Palmer's Theatre, from designs by E. Hamilton Bell.

THE Swedish Ladies' Concert company, from the Royal Opera, Stockholm, Sweden, has done so well in this country that Manager H. B. Thearle will keep them over here one more season. He will also bring to America the famous musical organization of Sweden—the Upsata Students.

CELIE ELLIS, who has had experience in the leading comic opera companies in soubrette roles and who has been singing during the past two months in the J. C. Duff Opera company at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, will be at liberty at the close of that company's season on July 13.

VIOLA ALLEN, who will relinquish her position as leading lady of the Boston Museum company to Emma V. Sheridan next season, will be seen in New York on Sept. 9 in Shenandoah, at the Star Theatre. Miss Allen leaves a host of friends in Boston, where she is greatly admired, both on and off the boards. Her impersonation of "Dearest," in Little Lord Fauntleroy has won great praise from the local critics.

O. F. BURLINGAME, who has been correspondent for THE DRAMATIC MIRROR at Wausau, Wis., has joined the Florence Bindley Dramatic company for the coming season. Mr. Burlingame was stage manager at the Grand Opera House at Wausau and has been for a number of years identified with amateur theatricals. He is very popular in that section of the country and he will be warmly welcomed when the company plays there.

THE Miller Brothers have engaged, through their European agent, Edith Craske. The lady is sixteen years of age and her specialty is said to be something on the order of Ida Heath, but superior in every respect. She has met with great success across the water. Sidney H. Horner, who has been conducting the orchestra and composing music for Christmas pantomimes in London, has also been engaged through the same source.

THE new comedy written by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, with which William H. Crane intends to open his season in Chicago next Fall, has finally been christened On Probation. The principal character is a middle-aged American man of business, and is said to be well suited to Mr. Crane's unctuous style of acting. The other characters comprise such cosmopolitan types as a Russian prince, a Brazilian, an Irish baronet, and an international waiter. The scenes are all laid either in Switzerland or in France. The piece is described as a farcical comedy, conceived rather in the spirit of true comedy than of farce.

ENGLEWOOD, one of the main suburbs of Chicago, is soon to have a theatre of its own, under the management of H. B. Thearle, who has had considerable experience in theatrical matters. Work has already begun on the building, and the new house is to be opened shortly after Christmas. The seating capacity will accommodate twelve hundred people, and the theatre is to be thoroughly equipped with modern improvements. It is intended to make the establishment a combination house for first-class attractions, and Mr. Thearle believes that it will prove a profitable stand for companies preceding or following their Chicago engagement.

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Broadway, 41st Street and 7th Avenue.
Manager, - - - - MR. FRANK W. SANGER.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c.
FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY
In the new comic opera,
THE OOLAH.
THE OOLAH.

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Evenings at 8.
Admission 50 cents. Seats reserved two weeks in advance.
TENTH WEEK.
THE BRIGANDS.
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Great cast. Magnificent costumes, scenery, etc.
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As Harry Swift in Ferncliff.
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Soubrette.
Joint Engagement Only.
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As Irish Prouse in H. R. Jacobs' Lights o' London.
Season 1889-90.

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Seating capacity, 750. Good open time for 1889-90.
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Seats 500. Open dates Fair week, November 5, 6, 7, 8
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This is the only house in the city that plays STANDARD ATTRACTIONS at REGULAR PRICES.
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